

APRIL 1914 The Cedars of Lebanon PRICE 6^d
(Fully Illustrated)

The Quiver



"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"



THE MORE YOU THINK ABOUT

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

THE MORE YOU THINK ABOUT THEM.



THE QUIVER

Nothing but a Skeleton—Brought back to health by

Mellin's Food



A happier mother, thanks to Mellin's Food, is Mrs. B. Sampson, of 71 Victoria Avenue, Cromwell Road, Hounslow. She writes, as might be expected from the facts, in enthusiastic terms:—

"At two months my son was nothing but a skeleton, and was brought back to life and health by 'Mellin's.' I was recommended to try Mellin's Food, and was more than pleased to see in three days' time a decided difference in him. Now at nine months he weighs 28 lbs. His flesh is absolutely firm and as solid as a rock. I shall always recommend Mellin's to every mother who has a delicate baby, for when I see my own bonny boy, I feel thankful enough I tried it."

Suits even the feeblest babe from birth.

In "Mellin's," when prepared with fresh cow's milk, there are all the essentials of a satisfactory food for baby. "Mellin's" contains flesh and bone-forming elements in scientific proportion. It is easily assimilated. Moreover, it is a food that makes baby satisfied.

Book for Mothers & Sample Free.

A generous Sample of Mellin's Food, together with a useful Mother's Handbook, "The Care of Infants," will be sent free to any address on application. Write, mentioning this Mag., to—

Sample Dept., MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd., Peckham, London, S.E.

THE EVERY-DAY NEED.

"VASELINE" IN TUBES.

CONVENIENT, SANITARY, & ECONOMICAL, "VASELINE" is a reliable family friend of good standing, and no home medicine cupboard should be without **"VASELINE"** in some form or another. *Tubes are cleanest and handiest to use. NO WASTE.*

For giving beautiful complexions—for healing all skin affections—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a **"VASELINE"** preparation for all these—and much more. You should never be without these **"VASELINE"** Specialities:—

"VASELINE"
Our regular grade, known as pure all over the world, in collapsible tubes, 4d. and 8d.

**CAPSICUM
"VASELINE"**
Better than a mustard plaster. 1s.

**"VASELINE"
CAMPHOR ICE**
For chapped hands and lips. To allay all irritations of the skin. 6d.

**CARBOLATED
"VASELINE"**
The best of all antiseptic dressings. 1s.

**WHITE
"VASELINE"**
Of absolute purity for external and internal use. 4d. and 10d.

**MENTHOLATED
"VASELINE"**
For nervous headaches, colds in the head, neuralgia, etc. 1s.



If not obtainable locally, any article will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps. Descriptive Booklet, containing many household hints and telling all about the "Vaseline" Preparations, post free.

The Word **"VASELINE"** is the Registered Trade Mark of the
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
42 Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

ADVICE.

For your own safety and satisfaction, always buy "Vaseline" in **Cheesebrough Co.'s** own original Tubes and packages.

You can Play the Piano To-day

BY

Naunton's National Music System.



It makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

Failure is Impossible

"You cannot fail." All you have to do is sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us

Yes! I'm one of the 50,000

tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect Naunton's National Music System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does *not* mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students to their own delight right from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it, to-day.

READ WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY

One pupil writes after 6 lessons:—"I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

A Composer says:—"I think it is easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

A Composer of over 3,000 popular songs says:—"I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Another pupil writes after 5 lessons:—"Your system is splendid."

Another pupil writes after 6 lessons:—"I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

A Mother writes:—"Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

Another pupil says:—"I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them have sent to you for their lessons."

A Sample of many—after one lesson:—

"When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which is capable of instructing persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. This opinion of themselves must now be entirely set aside. Naunton's National Music System is the acme of simplicity, or simplicity in perfection."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C. Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," published at 2/-, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE



It is important for you to know that Benger's is not a pre-digested food, and it does not contain dried milk nor malt nor chemical food substance.

It is a natural cereal food combined with natural digestive principles. It is prepared with fresh new milk, with which it combines to form a delicious food cream, assimilable to the most weakly digestion, and safe to give under almost all conditions.

BENGER'S
Food

is for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, and for all whose digestive powers have become weakened.

Post free: to all who have the care of Infants and Invalids, a 48-page Booklet — "Benger's Food and How to Use It."

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd. MANCHESTER.

New York (U.S.A.) 99, William Street. Sydney (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.
Canadian Agents:— National Drug & Chemical Co. Ltd. 34, St. Gabriel St.,
MONTREAL, and branches throughout Canada.

107 Benger's Food is obtainable through almost all our world's chemists, Stores, etc.



1914's New Fashion is our Made-to-measure Suit in Hand - Woven Donegal Tweed

Our mills are supplying high-class London Tailors with thousands of the new Donegal Tweeds, and now, in order to make the beauty and unusual durability of our hand-made fabrics better known, we will make you, to measure, a splendid three-garment suit in any style you wish.

This suit will be fashioned throughout by clever craftsmen accustomed to the best London work only. It will be a suit you could not possibly buy elsewhere under 45/-, and our price to you, for the next few months, in any of the thirty grand hand-woven fabrics we send you, is only

30/-

FREE.

A full range of the new Donegal patterns, self-measurement form, and our handsome book, "The Story of Donegal Tweeds," all post free on request.

Donegal Tweed Co. (Mail Order Dept. F 4) **Oldham Place, LIVERPOOL.**

Also at DUBLIN, BELFAST, and DONEGAL, IRELAND.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

24 Lessons in Hair-Culture Free!

ASTOUNDING OFFER BY LONDON SPECIALIST

IN ADDITION TO A COMPLETE "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FOR GROWING BEAUTIFUL HAIR, EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN MAY OBTAIN A HANDSOME CHART, PORTRAYING, IN TWO COLOURS, THE MOST POPULAR AND SUITABLE STYLES OF PRESENT-DAY HAIR-DRESSING.

Perennial youthfulness! No longer is the secret of this the property of a few, for to-day Mr. Edwards, the world-famous hair specialist, explains it in a way that will enable all interested to take years off their age appearance, and incidentally shows why some women, no more attractive than their sisters, appear doubly charming, and some men, in spite of every attention to clothes, never succeed in looking their best.

Under his personal direction—and "Harlene Hair-Drill" has grown millions of beautiful heads of hair—a Manual on Hair Dressing has been prepared which, printed in two colours, should be an inseparable feature of everybody's toilet outfit.

DOUBLE YOUR ATTRACTION AND CHARM.

To all interested in the attainment of natural hair beauty, the guide will prove invaluable, and the remarkable feature about it is that you may obtain it absolutely free of charge.

Do you recognise the importance of hair-dressing? The face may be exceedingly attractive, yet, if the hair is thin, skimpy, or dressed in unbecoming style, there is lacking that attractive, compelling smartness which gives the air of captivating charm and distinction. Few really do know how to dress their hair in the style that best suits their features. Many women, year in, year out, have the same old, unbecoming style; some follow whatever is in vogue, whether it suits them or not; and few seem to see that for each individual face is a style which not only makes the hair look its best, but considerably adds to the charm of the whole appearance.

REASONS FOR A STUPENDOUS GIFT.

The reasons underlying the tremendous gift announced here are chiefly that Mr. Edwards realises how difficult it is to obtain reliable advice, and, further, that in thousands of cases the state of the hair is so bad that it is impossible to put the advice into practice. Therefore, he offers to every reader the means of growing a perfect head of hair and hints necessary for dressing it in the style most suitable for his or her type of

features, the style which will bring out every aspect of good appearance.

HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

Simply post off the coupon below, with 3d. stamps to pay carriage, and the following Hair Health and Beauty Gift will be yours by return, to enable you to smarten and brighten up your features, and give you an air of distinction that will take you out from amongst the crowd.

(1) A trial bottle of "Harlene," the wonderful hair-food and tonic dressing.

(2) A packet of "Cremex," a Shampoo Powder which dissolves all scurf and allays scalp irritation, preparing the head for "Hair-Drill."

(3) The "Hair-Drill" Booklet of secret rules, showing how 2 minutes daily of this delightful toilet exercise will make and keep your hair healthy, free from baldness and greyness.

(4) The Home Hair-dressing Chart, portraying in two colours 24 of the finest styles of present-day hair-dressing.



Thin, scanty hair, or abundant hair carelessly dressed, alike spoil the appearance. Mr. Edwards today offers every lady and gentleman the means of growing luxuriant hair and dressing it in the style best suiting their appearance.

You incur no obligation by accepting this gift, and will find in the Manual a style for every type of face—the best style for you.

"Harlene," in 1/4, 2/6 and 4/6 bottles, and "Cremex," in 1/- boxes of 7 packets (single, 2d. each), are sold by all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, on remittance. Foreign postage extra. All cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

FREE HAIR CULTURE LESSONS.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,

20-21 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Offer to send a complete "Hair-Drill" Outfit and Hair-Dressing Chart in return for this Coupon and 3d. stamps to pay postage anywhere in the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Quiver" April, 1914.



A nice cup of FRY'S COCOA is a splendid start for the children's day. Nothing delights them more for breakfast. It aids digestion and fills their little bodies with healthy glow and vigour. Every sip succours and helps to build up a fine foundation of health and strength for the day's work and play

Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
AND TO THE PEOPLE FOR NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

1728-1914

THE QUIVER

**"I should prescribe
Mr. G. R. Sims's Tatcho."**



Doctor's Advice to men & women whose hair is growing thin.

For years past the medical profession has been advocating the use of the world-famous hair remedy discovered by the eminent author and philanthropist, Mr. G. R. Sims. Only a few days ago a letter received from a leading Sheffield Physician says:—

"It will be my pleasing duty to recommend your treatment for the hair whenever opportunity offers, because the whole system is to my mind upon the most rational lines."

**"I have never known Tatcho to fail
when the patient begins using it in time."**

Doctors know that, in nine cases out of ten, the premature loss of hair is due to infective germs—the Mulberry Bacillus and the Flaçon Bacillus of Unna. They will tell you that ordinary lotions, pomades, and brillianines are more likely to harbour and encourage the germs than to destroy them; and that if you really mean to save your hair while there is time, you must use Mr. G. R. Sims's Tatcho—the genuine, the rational hair remedy. For Tatcho contains a powerful bactericide which exterminates hair germs. Its scientific formula also includes the valuable constituents which feed and nourish the hair, and stimulate it to a more luxuriant growth.

Offer for 1/10 of a full size 4/6 bottle of Tatcho.

Thousands of those who have been wise enough to seek medical advice at a sufficiently early stage now attribute the saving and beautifying of their hair to Tatcho; and large numbers of letters have been received from men and women occupying the highest positions, acknowledging their debt of gratitude to Mr. G. R. Sims.

Thus **Col. A. Bagot Chester**, writing from the Carlton Club, says: "Ever since I began to use Tatcho, and learned from experience its value, I have recommended it to my friends and acquaintances, and in no case has it failed to meet with unqualified approval."

Thus, too, **Lady Collins** tells you how she used Tatcho for a short time, the result being that "the hair began to grow fast and thick."

But it was never the intention of the great philanthropist who discovered Tatcho that this unique remedy should be the exclusive privilege of the wealthy. The

Company formed under Mr. G. R. Sims's auspices has therefore decided to extend the remarkable concession of a full size 4s. 6d. bottle of Tatcho for 1s. 10d.

If you avail yourself of this unique concession in time, you will be astonished and delighted at the result. When your mirror tells you how much thicker and glossier your hair is becoming day by day, you will realise what **Lady Powell**, **Lady Sykes**, **Commander P. Wolfe Murray**, **Mr. N. Forbes Robertson**, and so many other well-known people have already discovered by personal experience, and testified to in their signed letters, that the doctors are right and that Tatcho never fails if you use it soon enough. But there is danger in delay. Every time you brush your hair without using Tatcho means a few more hairs in the brush instead of in your head.

Cut out and post the Authority to-day—now, enclosing 1s. 10d. with your name and address.

POST THIS AUTHORITY.

We authorise our Chief Chemist to send to the applicant who forwards this authority a regular 4s. 6d. bottle of TATCHO, carriage and packing paid to the applicant's own door, at the nominal price of 1s. 10d.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims
Chair Restorer Co.

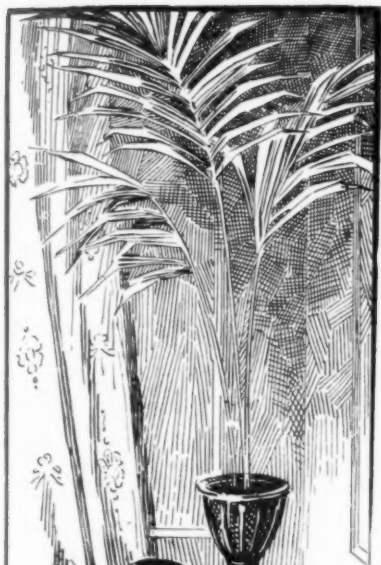
5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

If you do not wish to cut the paper quote "1612 Quiver."



Mr. G. R. Sims, the
discoverer of Tatcho.
Chair Restorer Co.

TATCHO is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.



*This shows one
Li-nola design.*

Have You Got Li-nola ?

Removal Time is Lino Time.

LET us hear from you if you have not, because until you get Li-nola on your floors you are missing one of the great joys of home life. A post card will secure a free set of samples and designs, and a deposit will get you the Li-nola for that room now showing signs of waning beauty.

Comfort and beauty follow the introduction of Li-nola into the house. Li-nola covered floors are soft to tread on, damp and draught proof, and resilient because of the splendid quality of the cork and other constituents of this stout floor covering. Oilcloth and cheap-grade linoleum, thin and poor looking, cannot give the feeling of solid comfort that Li-nola gives.

A room with Li-nola on the floor looks bigger and brighter, so cleverly does the patent border give a sense of spaciousness, and so cosy are the colours. Expert designers and high-price labour co-operate to make Li-nola a beautiful material, a real comfort giver, and everyone can afford to buy Li-nola because of its inexpensive cost and our Easy Terms. No reference or security is required, but if you pay cash we allow 2s. in the £ discount. Write to-day for free patterns, samples and estimates. We pay carriage on Li-nola to your door.

A Few Prices of Li-nola.

Yds.	Yds.	including border	P Quality
3	by 2½	"	1 6 3
3	by 4	"	1 10 0
3½	by 4	"	1 15 0
4	by 4	"	2 0 0

Any other size at proportionate price.

CATESBYS

(Dept. 57) LTD.

64-67 Tottenham
Court Road,

LONDON,
W.

Look at your Umbrella!

Does it need Renovating?
Why you should send it to us

Because for 5/- that old Umbrella can be made worth 10/6.

Wrap Your Old Umbrella

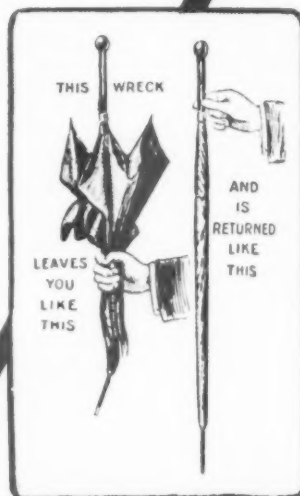
in stiff paper, and post to us.

It will be returned the same day, looking as good as new, Re-covered with "Defiance" Silk Union, at an inclusive charge of 5/-.

Try us with the one you have given up as hopeless.

Shall be pleased to send Catalogue and Patterns on receipt of Post Card.

Send your Umbrella to us To-day
J. STANWORTH & Co
Northern Umbrella Works, BLACKBURN.



A Man of Might,
The foe he braves!
Help'd by Fluxite,
He rules the waves.

It's used on English Warships, is

FLUXITE

the paste that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

It goes with the Flag and follows it. In all parts of the world Fluxite is used by both Amateurs and Mechanics. With a little Fluxite the solder grips like magic, even on dirty metals.

Of Ironmongers, etc., in 6d., 1/-, and 2/- tins.

THE "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

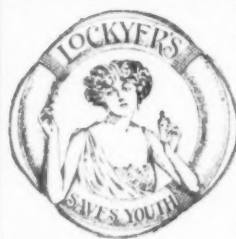
contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Price 4/6, Post Paid, Sample Set, United Kingdom.

The Auto-Controller Co., 226 Vienna Rd., Bermondsey, Eng.

L. & C. Hardtmuth's
KOH-I-NOOR
PENCIL
THE FAVOURITE
4d. each, 5d. per dozen, 17d. gross and Copying.
All Mail Orders

DON'T LOOK OLD!



You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Write at once to the great Hair Specialists, J. Pepper & Co., Ltd., Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., for a bottle of their world-famed

**LOCKYER'S
HAIR
RESTORER.**
1/6

Sent privately packed and post free.

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

The Torments of Indigestion

For 14 Years—Speedy Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets



Mrs. Rowe (Newport).

Fourteen years of indigestion, think of it! Fourteen years of daily torment from this relentless disease—strength gone, all pleasure in life gone, almost hope itself gone. Well may the poor sufferer exclaim: "I was a misery to myself!" But at last came Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the wonder-medicine of the twentieth century, and then relief followed like sunshine after storm. The teller of this true story is Mrs. Sara A. Rowe, of 2 Gloucester Street, Newport, Mon., and this is what she said to an interviewer recently:

"I have been cured of chronic indigestion by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I want to tell every poor sufferer about that wonderful medicine. I had suffered for 14 years, and I would not see a dog go through what I did in that time. I was a misery to myself. It was after the birth of my eldest daughter that I began to get weak and ailing, always tired and listless. Then my food began to cause me pain, and this pain increased to such an extent that sometimes I was in positive agony. It was chiefly in my chest, but I had pains also in my sides and in my back. Wind, too, troubled me constantly, and I had splitting headaches almost daily. I was afraid to eat. And yet I could not go any length of time without something. If I tried to go from meal to meal

there came such a gnawing at my stomach, such a low, sinking, all-gone feeling, that if I had not taken something I should have fainted from very weakness.

"I had doctor's medicine, of course, but it did no good, neither did the things I took. I was told I had chronic indigestion, and could never be thoroughly cured. But at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and from that time I improved daily. In the end they completely cured me, and I have had excellent health ever since. I have gained in weight as well as in strength."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The wonderful power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to cure nerve failure, stomach and kidney weakness, and general vital exhaustion, in old or young, makes them the surest remedy ever devised for

**Nervous Breakdown
Neurasthenia
Sleeplessness**

**Indigestion
Palpitation
Kidney Troubles**

**Anæmia
Debility
Wasting**

and every Enfeebled Condition in Old or Young.

FREE ADVICE on your case will be sent free of charge on receipt of name and address. Mark your letter private, and address to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A68), Chester Road, Manchester. All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d.—the 2s. 6d. size being the most economical.

**SEND FOR A
FREE BOX.**

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A68), Chester Rd., Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.



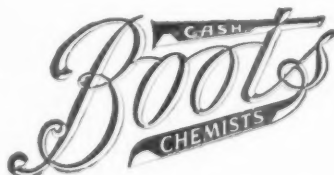
A Spoonful of Health

Do *you* rise every morning "as fresh as a daisy," with a clear head and brain, fit and ready for the day's work? If not, there's something wrong with your health. Perhaps your tongue is coated, your limbs feeling stiff—in fact, you don't feel able to face your morning's work. You must correct the disorder at once, or else you run the risk of more serious trouble. You can help yourself to perfect health by taking a spoonful regularly half-an-hour before breakfast of



No need to go to expensive Spas or baths. No need to spend much money in cures. Regesan Morning Powder is the *only* safe, reliable, and sure cure. Whether you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Stomach, Liver or Kidney trouble, or an excess of uric acid in the system, you will find Regesan Morning Powder a sure, gentle corrective.

Sold only
by



1/6
per Bottle.

Issued by Regesan Ltd.

Good Morning !

Have You
Used

Pearls

Soap?

'TIS THE BEST WAY OF MAKING
SURE OF A HEALTHY SKIN AND
A GOOD COMPLEXION

**"I'm feeling in
the very pink,
old chap!"**

"TAKE my tip, invest in a Clemak and you'll
feel as I do—in the *very* pink."

It's a grand little razor, the Clemak. Gets the
growth off in next-to-no-time, and leaves the skin
smooth as velvet.

Every morning the same—a clean, close, com-
fortable shave, and no trouble either before or
after use.

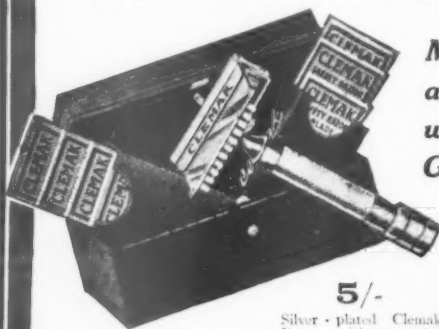
CLEMAK Safety Razor 5

The Clemak is characteristically British in make, material,
and design. It will last a lifetime, always giving satisfaction.

It begins being better than other razors in the blade. The keen cutting
edge of the Clemak blades comes as a revelation even to experienced users
of "Safeties." These blades are exclusively made for Clemak Razors, and
owe their superiority, their marvellous edge-retaining properties, to special
processes of manufacture.

In other points, too, the Clemak excels. It's so simple, a novice can use it,
and so good that money cannot buy a better razor. No bars, plates or screws
to remove and no adjustment required. Easily stropped—easily cleaned.

By using a Clemak you'll shave in half the time, with double the comfort.



**Made as well
and shaves as
well as any
Guinea Razor.**

5/-

Silver-plated Clemak
Razor with stropping
handle and seven blades.

COMBINATION OUTFIT, contain-
ing Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide
Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades, **10/6**

Of all **CUTLERS, STORES, &c.**, or from the
CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London, E.C.

**The Clemak Book will interest
you. Write for a Copy to-day.**





GOLD MEDAL

Awarded by the Jury, International
Medical Congress, 1913

"For long it has been recognised that the excessive multiplication of harmful bacteria and the inability of the body to eliminate them was the predisposing cause of many diseases. . . ."

The above statement was made recently in a report from one of the leading London Hospitals, and is a statement which has, incidentally, an important bearing on the claims put forward on behalf of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese for some time past.

For your health's sake make St. Ivel Lactic Cheese a regular portion of your daily diet.

It is delicious. It tempts appetite. It stimulates appetite for other food. It is digested more easily than any other cheese. It stimulates digestion of other food. *The lactic cultures which it contains in enormous quantities eliminate the harmful bacteria set up by other foods.* It combats all influences within the system inimical to health. The whole of its beneficial influence is absorbed by the system. It contains *Organic Phosphates*, the elements which enable the body to rebuild itself and to withstand the wear of work, weariness and worry. By ensuring this rebuilding it puts off the effects of time and age. And it is *pure*.

St. IVEL

CHEESE

•LACTIC•

6d. each.

From Grocers and Dairymen.

ST. IVEL LTD., YEOVIL

DRINK HABIT

I averaged drinking about 20 glasses of whisky daily. Also beer, gin and ale additionally



FREE BOOK

I want to send you my interesting illustrated book. It is not a temperance lecture, but it describes thrilling facts and tells how, after drinking steadily and heavily for 16 years, I was quickly, easily and completely freed from the desire for intoxicating drinks. It is a book that has brought joy into very many homes. It shows a true, inexpensive way of saving the drinker.

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

This book is for you. I want you to get it as soon as possible and receive the benefit of what it tells you. It is called "Confessions of a Former Alcohol Slave." Not only does it explain how my life was saved from the downward path and ruin, but it shows how you may rescue a son, husband, brother, sister, or other loved one from the curse of strong drink. Write to me, E. J. Woods, 10 Norfolk Street (4th fl.), London, and get the book; it will come in plain wrapper, no advertising on the outside.

Drinkers Secretly Saved

My free book tells how drinkers are being secretly saved, without their knowledge, if they are so far under the influence of Demon Alcohol that they do not want to get rid of the habit. Also shows how the drinker who wants to stop can be freed of the desire for alcohol within a few days, and how the health, brain power, etc., will wonderfully improve. Address

EDWARD J. WOODS

10 Norfolk St. (485A) London, W.C.

THE ENGLISH GIRL AT THE LOOM

THERE never was a time when so much interest centred round the English girl and her loom, as one finds there to-day. It is, indeed, everywhere acknowledged that British-woven fabrics, like British-built tailor suits, are much more than holding their own in the competitive markets of the world. Under these conditions, it need not be a matter of surprise to any reader to learn that some of the most exclusive costumiers of Paris order their choicest Cheviots, corduroys, and serges direct from the Bradford Manufacturing Company, who follow the Parisian taste with the most scrupulous accuracy, and supply cloths specially dyed to the orders of these fastidious customers.

It was a happy thought of the Bradford Manufacturing Company when inaugurating their great business, which has now been established for nearly a quarter of a century, to take as their registered trade-mark "The Girl at the Loom."

The girl and her fabrics have never once receded from the favour of the English public, and it has long been a boast of the Bradford Manufacturing Company that when once a customer applies for a specimen box of patterns the connection between buyer and seller is as good as formed, and is almost sure to be a lasting one.

For all those who desire absolutely smart and up-to-date fabrics at strictly reasonable prices, one can offer no better advice than to send a post-card to the B.M. Co., Bradford, Yorks (Dept. C.F.), asking to see the newest examples of serges, Cheviots, bouclé cloths, woollen velour, and Jacquards, specially designed for early spring wear.

The Company, being thoroughly established in the very centre of the woollen industry, can offer a far larger and more attractive range of fabrics than can be obtained from any shop or store, however extensive. The B.M. prices of dress fabrics range from 8½d. to 11s. 6d. per yard, their vast stock comprising cloths of newest weave and design calculated to meet the requirements of the most economical as well as the most critical and exclusive of buyers.

SPLENDIDLY READY

THIS is the condition in which Frank Bentall, of Kingston-on-Thames, reports himself in Bentall's Bargain Budget—a finely illustrated catalogue, detailing the innumerable bargains offered by this enterprising firm. The catalogue is a complete stores list, showing illustrations in every department of household furnishing; and whether for happy young couples, who are setting up housekeeping for the first time, or for mature home-managers bent on renovating shabby furniture and replacing worn-out draperies, it will prove a complete and handy guide to the most economical way of setting to the work in hand. Messrs. Bentall give particular prominence to their well-known Sundour fabrics, in casement cloths, Bolton sheetings, chenilles, muslins, and many other charming materials. These are all guaranteed absolutely unfadable, and any Sundour fabric which fades will be exchanged and remade free of charge. The illustrated catalogue above referred to—a handsome book of 366 pages—will be sent post free to bona fide applicants who write direct to Frank Bentall, Kingston-on-Thames, naming this magazine.

THE QUIVER



Wallpaper goes on wallpaper,
covering dirt and the germs of disease

**Hall's Distemper goes directly on
the wall, disinfecting and purifying,
and making it germ and insect-proof.**



The appearance of Hall's Distemper decoration is soft and velvety; in reality it is hard and impervious to dust, etc., which may be removed by lightly sponging with warm water.

Hall's Distemper

is never monotonous, but dignified and restful, giving bright roomy effects even in small apartments. It retains its freshness of colour, while wallpapers fade and deteriorate from the first.

Let us send you our Booklet "HOW TO DECORATE YOUR HOME." It tells all about Hall's Distemper and all about home decoration. We send with it samples of the 20 beautiful colours in which Hall's Distemper is made. Write to day.

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Pure Blood and Clear Skin are impossible when the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys are sluggish or irregular. Holloway's Pills are exactly what is needed, a gentle but thorough corrective. They regulate the biliary secretions and promptly cure Headaches, Indigestion, Dizziness, Flatulence, and other ailments arising from a constipated condition. When feeling "out of sorts" take a few doses of Holloway's Pills without delay; they will fortify against disease and may avert serious illness.

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Holloway's Ointment in conjunction with the Pills is unmatched as a Skin Cure, speedily removing Eczema, blotches, pimples, &c. It is especially useful where there are large families for Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, as also for Piles, Rheumatism and pains in the joints and limbs, while in cases of Chest, Throat and Lung troubles it gives almost magical relief.

1/1½ and 2/9 per box or pot, of all Chemists.

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THE QUIVER



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High spirits and in-
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Are they the sweetest, dearest little creatures in the world, and do you want the daintiest, prettiest garments it is possible to buy? Of course you do!

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Now that many of our readers are looking forward to Easter, Whitsun, and Summer Holidays, a bureau has been opened in connection with Cassell's Time Table Department, for the service of any reader who wishes advice on Where to Stay or What Town (Seaside or Country) to visit for a holiday, or those who purpose coming to stay in London. The Holiday Expert will advise the best Route, best Hotels or Boarding Houses, and likewise choice of town.

An interesting Holiday can be economically spent on the Continent, including a delightful Sea Voyage at each end of the holiday period.

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All inquiries should be addressed: Travel Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE-DE-LUXE

MADE FROM BUTTER
SUGAR AND RICH
THICK CREAM

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diamond
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THE QUIVER

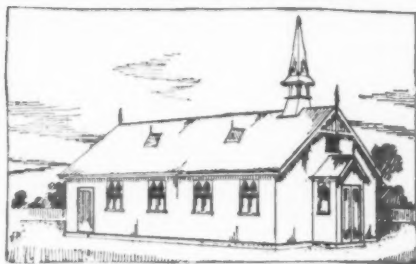
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THE QUIVER



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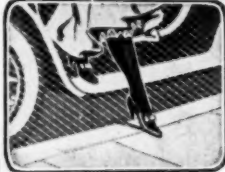
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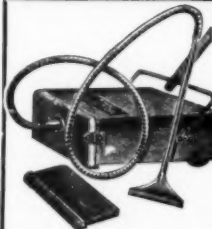


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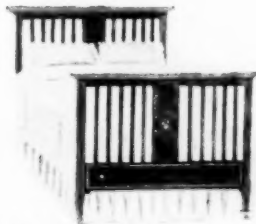
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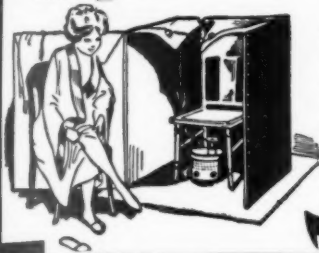
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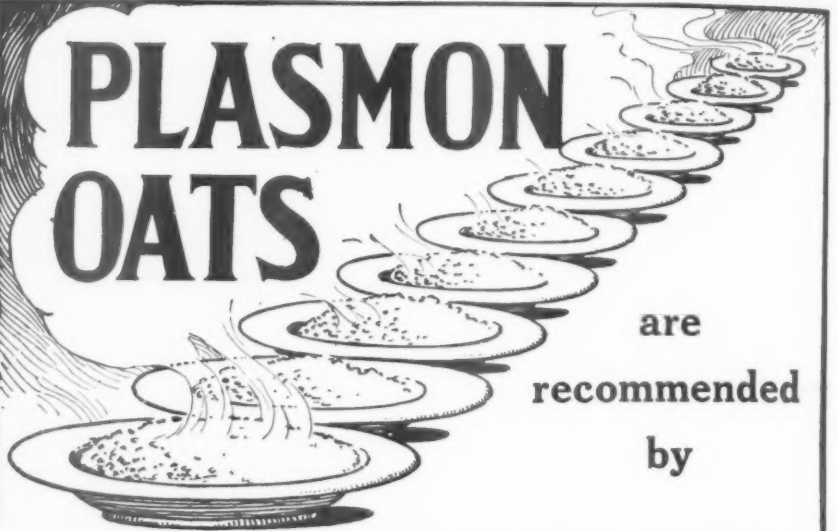
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CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1914

Frontispiece: "In the Temple of Bacchus, Baalbec." Photo by American Colony

The Cedars of Lebanon. By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE. Illustrated by Photographs . . .	PAGE 547
HEART'S DESIRE. No. 3.—The Girl who wished for Adventure. By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY. Illustrated by N. Schlegel . . .	557
When the Child leaves School. By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A. Illustrated by Photographs . . .	571
The Licence for Bingo. Complete Story. By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER. Illustrated by Victor Prout . . .	576
MY LIFE, AND HOW I FACE IT. No. 5.—The Gold among the Grey. By an ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER . . .	583
CORRODING GOLD. Serial Story. Chapters XIII.—XIV. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Illustrated by C. E. Brock . . .	587
LETTERS OF COUNSEL AND COMFORT. No. 4.—To a Father who does not approve of the Young Men of To-day. By "AMICA" . . .	600
The Queen's Scholar. Complete Story. By JOHN BRANTWOOD. Illustrated by P. B. Hickling . . .	603
Beside the Still Waters . . .	609
A Woman of Quality. How Nurse Bailey saved a Community in Lonely Labrador. By the EDITOR . . .	611
The Tragedy of Habit. Complete Story. By M. ELLEN THONGER. Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw . . .	614
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—	
Hot Cross Buns and Easter Cakes. BY BLANCHE ST. CLAIR . . .	619
Conversation Corner. By the EDITOR . . .	623
Companionship Pages. Conducted by "ALISON" . . .	625
The Women's Work Bureau. How to Write Advertisements. By "WINIFRED" . . .	630
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT . . .	631
Sunday School Pages. The Teacher's Equipment and Preparation. By the REV. RICHARD ROBERTS . . .	633
"Feed My Lambs." How a New Country observes this Behest. By DENIS CRANE . . .	xxxv

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In the Mighty Temple of Bacchus, Baalbec.
View looking through portal.

*Photo : American Colony
Jerusalem.*



THE QUIVER



VOL. XLIX., No. 6

APRIL, 1914

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

On account of their association with the Temple built by Solomon and the many allusions to them in the Bible, the Cedars of Lebanon have always occupied a position of honour in the estimation of man. In their neighbourhood, too, lie the ruins of Baalbec, where the ancient Assyrians worshipped Baal and the Greeks their sun-god Helios. The preservation of the few remaining Cedars and the recent work of the excavators at Baalbec make the following account of a trip to these comparatively little-known sights of more than timely interest.

LYING decidedly off the beaten track, among the mountainous district of the Lebanon, in Syria, are two interesting sights—one natural, and the other the work of man—namely, the historic Cedars of Lebanon, and the wonderful ruins of Baalbec. The first named are famous for the many allusions to them in the Scriptures, and the latter as being among the grandest relics of a great nation's vanished glory, where the ancient Assyrians worshipped Baal and the Greeks their sun-god Helios.

From Tripoli to Baalbec

Two reasons make a reference both to the Cedars and Baalbec of more than ordinary interest. In the first place, both are comparatively little known and seldom visited. This is because an excursion to them demands some amount of exertion, for it can only be undertaken on horseback, while the traveller must be prepared to spend a night or two under canvas. It is a trip, too, which could hardly be undertaken in winter, because of the snowdrifts upon the hill-sides, while in early spring the tracks are very muddy. Then a reference to Baalbec is particularly appropriate in view of the work

of the German excavators here who have thrown much valuable light upon the history of this ancient city.

In the present instance the journey was made from Tripoli, on the coast. It is noted for its silk-weaving, and many hand-looms can still be seen in operation, turning out girdles of gorgeous colours. On the land side the city is skirted by fertile plains, where the orange and lemon are cultivated in large quantities. From here it is a long day's ride on horseback to Bsherreh, the town from which the Cedars are visited. It is in many respects an interesting and delightful journey in late spring or early summer.

Relics of the Crusaders

Leaving the city, one passes the old castle built by the Crusaders, which entirely dominates the town. It is now used by the Turkish Government as a barrack, and is probably the best preserved of the many buildings erected by the Crusaders during their occupation of the Holy Land. Then close by the station, lying alongside the railway track, we have another reminder of the struggles in the Middle Ages between

THE QUIVER



"Tower of the Lion,"
Tripoli.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

the Crusaders and the infidel for the possession of this goodly land—a magnificent old fort. It is called the "Tower of the Lion," from the belief that it was erected by Cœur de Lion, Richard I. of England. It was one of six such forts built to protect the coast, only one other of which still exists, and which is in a ruinous condition. As it is proposed to widen the track at this point, it is more than probable that this old fort will soon be demolished, which is a great pity, as it is well worth preserving as a relic of antiquity. When we pointed out to the station-master the wickedness of tearing down such old work, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "More room wanted for railway; fort no good; fort must go," and possibly by now it has gone.

Along the Sacred Valley

Our route lay along the Wadi Kadisha, or Sacred Valley, by a well-built carriage road. It is uphill all the way, a climb of over 6,000 feet above sea-level. Picturesquely located villages are passed, surrounded by gardens of mulberry trees, with

the leaves of which the inhabitants feed the silk-worms. The cultivation of silk, the growing of grapes, and the raising of goats are the principal occupations of the dwellers in the Lebanon.

A striking fact which the traveller through the region notices is the number of people who, having emigrated to the United States and Canada, have returned home to spend their money in their native land. They have apparently all done well in America, and speak highly of its opportunities. With their money they have built modern houses with bright red tiles. Indeed, these townships among the hills have been given the name of the "American villages" of the Lebanon.

Not until Bsherreh is reached can the famous Cedars be seen. And when they are pointed out, far away on the distant horizon to the left, the first inclination is to utter an exclamation of disappointment. The mountain appears to be a mass of bare rock with a little patch of green—and these are the Cedars! Still, this view from Bsherreh is one of majestic and impressive grandeur. A huge amphitheatre seems to have been carved out of the mountains above this quaint and picturesquely situated town. Terraces rise one above the other, the upper one being that whereon the majestic Cedars stand.

Sunrise on the Lebanon

It was sunset by the time we reached the town of Bsherreh, but we were up before dawn next morning, being anxious to reach the Cedars at the rising of the sun. We made our way up the steep and much-winding road towards our goal, meeting at this early hour many loaded animals coming or going. Just as we reached the grove the sun was sifting its first rays through the thick foliage of the trees.

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In the Grove of
Lebanon Cedars.

Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.

THE QUIVER

Here, on a small plateau, situated at an altitude of 6,123 feet above sea-level, is a little forest of some four hundred trees, all Cedars. With the exception of a few stragglers, the grove is enclosed by a neat stone wall, built by a former governor of Lebanon. The object of this wall is to protect the trees from goats and sheep. In the minds of dwellers in Syria, where forests of tall trees do not exist, these majestic Cedars naturally excite admiration. A modern Syrian writer says of them that they are undeniably the most lofty of all the vegetable kingdom! The fact is, the Cedars are about 80 feet high.

They are, however, justly renowned for their age and the size of their trunks, the girth of the largest being 47 feet. Their beauty lies in their wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle of 200 feet to 300 feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical, with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks, and

charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs. Experts declare that some are over a thousand years old.

The Forest Patriarch

The patriarch of this little forest is the "Guardian." Its great trunk is twisted and gnarled by struggles against the storms of ages; the names which famous travellers carved a century ago are not yet covered by its slow-growing bark. When Christ was on earth it was probably a sapling, and from its throne on Lebanon it has calmly looked down over Syria and the Great Sea, while Jew and Assyrian, Persian and Egyptian, Greek and Roman, Arab and Crusader and Turk have laboured and fought and sinned and died for the possession of this historic land.

A particularly beautiful specimen is that known as the "Symmetrical Cedar." Its branches extend straight out at right angles to the trunk and are furnished with exceedingly thick foliage, green as seen from



Ruins of the Temple
of Bacchus, Baalbec.

Photo: American Colony
Jerusalem.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

beneath. When viewed from the hill-side its upper surface resembles a rich dark-green lawn, studded with cones standing erect. Then there are the "Seven Sisters," so called because that number of trunks spring from a single root. Two, which stand side by side at some distance from the main group, are known as "St. John" and "St. James," immense fatherly trees, with trunks over 40 feet in circumference, and gigantic forks in which a dozen persons could sit together.

In other parts of Lebanon there are other cedar groves, but the trees here are smaller than those in the preserve under notice, which is called Arz-er-Rub, or the Cedars of the Lord. Here we have a suggestion of what the Lebanon was in ancient times, when the now bare peaks and mountain-sides

must have all been covered with these trees. It was here that King Solomon's 80,000 hewers wrought, with their 3,300 overseers, besides those supplied by Hiram, King of Tyre, to get the cedar wood required for the temple, and which was taken in rafts to Jaffa, and thence carried up to Jerusalem. The wood of these trees was also used in the construction of David's house, and later in the building of the second temple. It has a sweet odour, is very hard, and seldom decays.

The Christian natives attach a sanctity to these trees, and an annual feast is held, to which pilgrims flock from all directions.

The forest also serves as a delightful summer camping-place. Naturally, many remarkable legends are told concerning the trees. For instance, there are exactly thirteen fine trees growing in a bunch together. The Syrians declare that Christ and His disciples



The "Guardian": Oldest of the Cedars.
Probably a sapling in the days of Christ.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

came to this spot, and left their staves standing in the soil, and that they eventually sprouted into these cedars. Then the Maronite monk in charge of the chapel in the grove has diligently fostered the superstition that cutting the branches of the trees for fuel would cause some disease or calamity to the perpetrators.

Shortly after noon we reluctantly left the Cedars, as between us and Baalbec there lay ten hours on horseback. We spent the night under canvas, and early next day arrived at these renowned ruins, famous for their massiveness, and for the great amount of both bold and delicate carvings with

THE QUIVER



Columns and Ruins of the Great Temple, Baalbec.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

which they are adorned. Here a party of German excavators, under Dr. Sobersheim and Professor Puchstein, have been toiling for the past four years, clearing away the debris under which the ruins were partially buried, strengthening weak parts, translating inscriptions, and doing other valuable work. Indeed, these savants may be said to have

done for Baalbec what Layard did for Nineveh and Babylon, and Schliemann for ancient Troy. Still it must be admitted that the work of the Germans has not been altogether a disinterested one, for the Berlin museums now possess many of the finest examples of carvings found here.

These wonderful ruins, in some respects the most famous in Bible lands, lie in the narrow picturesque valley of the Litani, at an altitude of some 4,000 feet above sea-level. Here the ancient Assyrians worshipped Baal, the Greeks their sun-god Helios, and the Romans Jupiter. The early Christians, too, worshipped Jehovah at ancient Baalbec, thus converting the great pagan temple into a Christian shrine. They, in turn, were driven out by the Arabs who changed these wonderful old temples into fortresses.

What amazes the ordinary visitor to Baalbec most, perhaps, is the fact that the imposing array of massive columns, marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, and fragments of beautiful arches, cornices, capitals and entablatures, which he beholds, only represent the remains of two grand temples—the Great Temple, or Temple

of Jupiter, and the Temple of Bacchus. Nevertheless, in the colossal walls of this ancient Syrian acropolis one could place the ruins of ancient Rome. The architecture of four, if not five, ages is represented—Phoenician, Greek, Roman, Christian, and Saracenic, while some think that there are distinct traces of Solomonic architecture.

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Within the Temple of Bacchus.

(Showing ornamental slab bearing inscription to the German Emperor Wilhelm II, who visited the ruins in 1898.)

*Photo: American Colony,
Jerusalem.*

THE QUIVER



The Ruins of Baalbec.
As seen from the modern village of Baalbec.

The ruins stand on an artificial oblong plateau of masonry, probably of Phœnician origin, about 331 yards long by 200 broad, and varying in height from 15 to 30 feet. The enormous extent of this vast enceinte may be better realised when it is remembered that the main courtyard, which serves as the approach to the Great Temple, is nearly 150 yards long, and some 120 yards wide, dimensions only surpassed by those of the great temples of Karnak, in Upper Egypt. Beneath this colossal platform are vaulted passages, like tunnels, and it was from these passages until quite recently that the temple area was reached.

First and foremost among these ruins, therefore, comes the Great Temple. All that is now left of it, however, are six columns which formed part of the peristyle still standing in situ, capped with Corinthian capitals and joined by an ornate and massive entablature. They are, perhaps, the crowning feature of Baalbec, and, piercing the skyline, as they do, are seen long before the ruins are reached. Professor Taylor says of them: "I know of nothing so beautiful in all remains of ancient art as these six

columns. From every position, and with all lights of day or night, they are equally perfect." From a little distance their perfect proportions make them appear smaller than they actually are. A wall 40 feet high forms a fit pedestal for these majestic columns. They are $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, and with their bases and capitals tower 70 feet into the air, the whole being crowned by a graceful entablature some 17 feet in height. Each shaft consists of three separate pieces of stone held together with iron. The Turks have barbarously made incisions in the columns at several places in order to remove the iron cramps.

The excavators have laid bare the lower portion of the walls of the temple as well as the bases of many columns. Here they discovered an altar with steps leading up to it. It stood in the centre of the court, which measures 440 feet in length, and is about 370 feet in width. Then much of the Arabic work has been removed, so that to-day one enters the temple from the east, as did the Roman worshippers of old. Indeed, every visitor to the ruins to-day owes the Germans a debt of gratitude, for they have

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON



Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

made the original plan of these early builders more easily comprehensible.

An Early "Hunger-Striker"

On the bases of the columns that still remain here, and also on other parts of the temple, were found a number of interesting inscriptions. One in Latin might have been the work of one of the earliest "hunger-strikers": "Hocmaea, a virgin dedicated to the god Hadaranes, as a memorial that she has not eaten bread for twenty years, by order of this same god, willingly performs her vow."

An Arabic inscription records "a tax of one drachma on every pack animal load coming from the North," from which we conclude that there were Tariff Reformers even in those early days. Another one should please the supporters of Mr. Lloyd George, as it commemorates the abolition of "the unjust tax which burdened the orchards of Baalbec. . . . Whoever shall attempt to re-establish this tax and whoever shall substitute another for it, shall be cursed of God and of the angels, and of all men."

Baalbec's second temple, that dedicated

to the worship of Baachus, is in a far more interesting state of preservation, its walls still standing, and a number of the columns that surround it. It lies to the south of the Great Temple, entirely independent of it, and on a lower level. It had no court, and was entered by a flight of steps from the east. The walls of the cella, which is oblong, are quite plain on the outside, and are built of carefully-dressed stone, the joints so perfect that a knife-blade cannot enter between. Around this, at a distance of 10 feet, runs, on the two sides and ends, a row of smooth columns, which form the peristyle. These, including their capitals, are about 52 feet high, and are surmounted by a magnificent entablature, and connected with the walls of the cella by enormous slabs of stone, which are elaborately carved with the heads of emperors and deities, interwoven with floral designs, forming a most unique ceiling. While the walls of the cella are still perfect, more than half of the columns forming the peristyle have fallen, the north side being the one best preserved. Here

may be seen a curious leaning column. It fell against the wall of the temple about a hundred years ago, and though it partly broke through the wall, yet the two stones which form the shaft were so firmly put together by the ancient builders that it remains unbroken. In a niche in the interior of the temple wall here may be seen a tablet commemorating the visit of the German Emperor to these ruins in 1898.

Beautiful Carvings

Notwithstanding the profuse ornamentation of the peristyle, it is exceeded by that of the portal to this temple, which is indeed the gem of the entire edifice. The doorposts are elegantly carved with figures of Bacchus, fauns, cupids, satyrs, and bacchantes, woven around which are grapevines and clusters of fruit, also poppies and ears of wheat, all of which are symbolical of the revelling which the temple suggested. This great doorway stands 43 feet high, and 21½ feet wide, while the carving of the posts just mentioned covers a space of about six feet in width. On both sides of this door stand graceful fluted columns, forming the

THE QUIVER



A Cedar of Lebanon.

Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem.

portico, while the plain ones of the peristyle, which stand behind them, seem to reflect their beauty. The decorations of the walls of the interior of this temple resemble the carvings of the exedrae of the Great Court, having two rows of niches for statues, one above the other, and divided perpendicularly from each other by handsome fluted columns.

Mammoth Stones

As already stated, these two wonderful ancient temples stood on a raised platform, resting on substructions. The Great Temple lies $44\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the level of the plain, and is the highest part of the entire enclosure; while the Great Court was only 23 feet lower down. An enclosing wall, the mammoth stones of which have been the marvel of engineers for ages, deserves mention.

The lower courses of the wall are built of blocks of moderate dimensions, but they grow rapidly in size, until we come to a row of three enormous stones, the shortest being 63 feet and the longest 65 feet in length, each being about 13 feet high

and 10 feet wide. The course of which they form part is some 20 feet above the surface of the ground. They are the largest building blocks ever known to have been used by man, and a still larger one lies in the ancient quarry near by, never having been detached from the rock beneath. This one is 70 feet long, 14 feet high, and 13 feet wide. Its estimated weight is 1,100 tons, and it is calculated that to raise it would require the strength of 60,000 men! It is called by the natives *hajar el-hublá*, or, the Stone of the Pregnant Woman. It was probably intended to be placed in the wall of the temple enclosure; but some sudden war, pestilence, or revolution must have interrupted the plans of those ancient builders, or they would not have expended the labour of years upon this mighty block and then abandoned it still undetached from the quarry.

Such are the wonders of Baalbec, once famous as the chief centre for the worship of Baal, but of interest to us to-day as being among the finest ruins the ancient world can show.



THE GIRL WHO WISHED FOR ADVENTURE

No. 3 in the Series "Heart's Desire"

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

THE girl who wished for adventure on a certain New Year's night when a party of friends sat round the fire and compared their various ambitions, journeyed back to her native village two days later, and spent the following eighteen months in tramping monotonously along a well-worn rut. The only difference made by that oft-remembered conference was in her point of view. Before that date she had sighed for the unattainable; after it, the unattainable became the possible. Some day, if she but waited, opportunity would come; some day the end of a thread would float downward towards her hand, and grasping it, she would be led into a new world! To the best of her power, she cultivated this attitude, and each monotonous month, as it dragged past, added strength to her determination to snatch the first opportunity that came her way.

At the end of eighteen months the girl packed up her trunk, and left home to pay a dull duty visit to a great-aunt.

"Don't expect me to write letters," she said to her family at parting, and the family groaned in chorus, and cried: "Please, don't! It's quite enough for one of us to be victimised. Spare us the echoes of Aunt Eliza. Just send a post card when you're coming back."

Grand-aunt Eliza was a daunting old lady who prided herself upon speaking the truth.

"Goodness! how you have gone off," was the first remark which she hurled at her grand-niece's head, after the conventional greetings had been exchanged. She poured out a cup of strong, stewed tea, and offered a slice of leathery muffin. "And you used to be quite nice-looking!"

Juliet smiled with the laboured brightness of a wallflower in a ball-room, and said, but did not for a moment mean:

"I'm growing old, Aunt Eliza."

"You are, my dear," agreed Aunt Eliza.

"Twenty-eight, is it, or twenty-nine? And three other girls at home. Pity you haven't married! Your father will have precious little to leave."

Juliet, who was twenty-six, and had never had a real definite proposal, smiled more laboriously than before, but the muffin tasted bitter as gall.

On the third day of the visit, Aunt Eliza read a letter at the breakfast-table, and said suavely:

"I shall have to curtail your visit, my dear! Cousin Maria Phillips writes that she is in the neighbourhood, and wishes to come over to see me. I can't refuse to receive Maria, but two guests would upset the servants. You must come again later on. Perhaps there are some other friends you would like to visit?"

Juliet replied haughtily that there were many other friends. When would Aunt Eliza wish—

"Oh, there's no hurry. Perhaps to-morrow," said the old lady calmly. "This afternoon, my dear, I want you to go to the hospital for me. I distribute flowers in the Mary Wright Ward every Thursday, but I have a slight cold to-day, and daren't venture out. Be ready by three, and the brougham will take you there. You can walk home."

At half-past three o'clock, therefore, Juliet entered the long, bare stretch of the Mary Wright Ward, dedicated to female surgical cases, and passed from bed to bed, distributing little bunches of drooping flowers affixed to little white cards inscribed with texts. The patients accorded but a lukewarm welcome to these things, but were unaffectedly pleased to welcome the handsome girl whose coming made a break in the monotonous day. Some of the patients were sitting upright against their pillows, progressed so far towards convalescence as to be able to enjoy a chat; others could only give a wan smile of acknowledgment; at the extreme end of

THE QUIVER



"For one second, barely a second, Juliet hesitated; then the answer came, short and sharp: 'I can!'"

*Drawn by
N. Schlegel.*

the ward the sight of a screened-off bed told its own sad tale.

The woman in the nearest occupied bed related the story in a stage aside.

"Accident case, brought in this morning. Dying, they think! Run over by a motor in the street. And only a bit of a girl like yourself! Mumbles a bit at times—delirious-like—nothing you can understand. There! she's beginning again!"

The sound of the thin, strained voice sent a shiver down Juliet's spine, for there was in it a note which even her unaccustomed ears recognised. She turned to depart, with the natural shrinking of the young and healthy, but her haste made her careless, and the remaining bunches of flowers tilted out of her basket and rolled along the polished floor. Those that had fallen the farthest were almost touching the screen, and as Juliet bent to pick them up the mumbled voice seemed suddenly to grow into distinctness.

It was a number that the voice was

mumbling; a number whispered over and over.

"Eighty-one! Eighty-one! Grosvenor. Are you there? Eighty-one—are—you—there?"

The mumbling died away, rose again, was lost in groans. Despite the weakness and the haste, the listener realised a quality in the voice which differentiated it from those of the other occupants of the ward. It was the voice of a woman of education and refinement, a woman belonging to her own class.

Juliet shivered and, clutching her flowers, walked quickly down the ward. Half-way down its length she met the Sister, and put a tentative question, to which was vouchsafed a cool, professional reply:

"Yes. Very sad! Internal injuries. Sinking rapidly. Evidently a girl in good circumstances."

"Do you know her name—anything about her?"

The Sister shrugged slightly.

"Her clothes are marked 'Alice White,'"

THE GIRL WHO WISHED FOR ADVENTURE

and she had some American addresses and steamship tickets in her purse. The *Lusitania* landed her passengers this morning. She had said nothing coherent, and, of course, cannot be questioned. The matron is making inquiries——”

At that moment the quiet of the ward was broken by the sound of a cry—a cry of terrible import. Juliet quailed before it, and the Sister, darting forward, disappeared behind the screen.

Alas! for Alice White, who but a few hours ago had been young and strong, and heedless of disaster! Juliet descended the staircase of the hospital thrilling with horror at the remembrance of that cry; her mind seething with agitated questions. Who was Alice, and who—a thrill of excitement ran through her veins—who was Eighty-one, Grosvenor, with whom the dying girl's thoughts had sought communion?

Grosvenor? That meant London. Alice White, then, had friends in London. Would it not be better to communicate with them rather than with mere officials in an office?

At the door of the great building, Juliet hesitated, and turned from the street as if to retrace her steps. Should she go back to the Mary Wright Ward, tell the Sister what she had overheard, and suggest telephoning forthwith? For a moment the suggestion found favour, then, with her foot outstretched to remount the first step, she drew back and walked rapidly away. In the flash of a moment it had darted into her brain as a crystallised resolution to give her information into no second hand, but to go herself to the nearest call office and ring up Eighty-one, Grosvenor. The woman in the nearest bed had spoken of mutterings. The Sister had caught no coherent words. If death had immediately followed her own interview, it seemed probable that no one but herself had overheard the number.

Juliet's eyes brightened, and a flush of colour showed in her cheeks. The information received might be of the driest; the sequel of reporting it to the hospital authorities promised but small excitement; nevertheless, in her uneventful life, small things counted as great, and the touch of uncertainty fired her blood.

She seated herself in the little boxed-off room, and at the end of ten minutes' wait received an affirmative answer to the oft-repeated question.

“Yes. This is Eighty-one, Grosvenor. Who is speaking?”

Though she had waited so long, Juliet was still pondering how to word her inquiries. It seemed useless to mention an unknown name, so on the impulse of the moment she decided to give a simple account of the accident.

“Alice White——” She was about to add—“has been mortally injured,” or some such statement, but, cutting swiftly across her words, came a cry of relief from the other end of the wire:

“Alice White! *At last!* We've been expecting to hear from you all day—it's urgent. Why didn't you wire?”

“I—I——” Juliet stammered in confusion, and the voice—a woman's voice—interrupted again, in a sharp, business-like accent.

“Never mind now. You can explain later. Are you alone?”

“Yes.”

“That's right! Then listen to me, and give your answers in monosyllables. I will spell any names you miss if you ask me to repeat. Don't attempt to pronounce them yourself, but write them down in a notebook. There must be no mistake. Are you ready?”

“One moment.” Juliet had no notebook, but a search in her bag found a pencil and the blank page of a letter. “Ready!”

“You are ready to write instructions? I have been keeping over a case until your arrival, as it seemed in your line. It is urgent. Nice people. Comfortable surroundings. You would stay in the house as a guest. Can you go on first thing to-morrow?”

For one second, barely a second, Juliet hesitated; then the answer came, short and sharp:

“I can!”

“That's good! Go to the station to-day, and get up your route. There will be several changes. Have you your pencil? Write down ‘Maplestone—Antony Maplestone.’ Have you got it? ‘The Low House,’ L-o-w. ‘Nunkton,’ N-u-n-k-t-o-n. ‘Great Morley,’ ‘Maplestone, The Low House, Nunkton, Great Morley.’ Got that? Go on to-morrow by the first train. I will wire to Mr. Maplestone to expect you. He will explain the case. Are you all right for money? Yes—take the ordinary clothes for a country visit. Report to me in the course of a week. Do your best.

THE QUIVER

Good chance for you. (Yes, I've nearly finished. I've not had my three minutes.) You understand, Miss White? You quite understand?"

"I quite understand," said Juliet, and sat down heavily on the chair beside the receiver.

How had it happened? How much was she to blame? From the moment of that first interruption it seemed as if she had had no chance to explain. Without any preconceived intention of taking the injured girl's place, she had done so, as it were, without volition of her own. The spirit of adventure, so long nourished, had grasped at the opportunity, before the slower brain had had time to decide on its action.

Juliet drew a deep breath, and stared with dilated eyes at the opposite wall. "How could I?" she asked herself breathlessly. "How dared I? How can I?" And then, with a bursting laugh, "*But I will!*" she cried, and leapt nimbly to her feet.

"Urgent! Nice people! Good chance! A guest in the house!" Her lips moved in repetition of the different phrases as she walked rapidly back in the direction of the hospital. She knitted her brows in the effort to understand, to reconcile contradictions. What was this Alice White, and on what mission had she crossed the ocean? And who was Eighty-one, Grosvenor, who issued orders as to a subordinate, and gave instructions as to reports?

Only one thing seemed certain, and that was that it would be many a long day, if ever, before poor Alice White was fit to take up any work, however interesting. Remembering that last choking sob, it seemed probable that even now—Juliet resolutely stifled further questionings until once more she stood within the portals of the hospital, and made her inquiries of the porter. He retired, and returned, after a few minutes' absence, with a face appropriately lengthened.

"Gone, miss! Directly you left. Went off in a moment."

Juliet nodded, and turned back to the street. What exactly had she intended to do had Alice White still been alive? Honestly, she did not know! It seemed as though she would never be able to answer that question. She waved it impatiently aside. Why trouble about might-have-beens! The girl was dead! The only question of

importance which now remained was—*what was she herself going to do?*

Juliet thought of the long years of boredom and waiting which had made up her life; she thought of her dull, comfortable home; of her dull, comfortable visits, and longingly, daringly, she thought of the interesting "case" which was "urgent," and a "good chance." She recalled with a tingling of excitement her aunt's morning announcement, which necessitated her own departure on the morrow.

"I could go to Nunnton, and see what it meant. If there was anything I didn't like I could go on at once to the Blakes. No one need know; no one need guess. Even if I stayed for a few days, it could be arranged!" She stopped short in the middle of the pavement, and drew a deep breath of excitement.

"It's my chance!" she cried to herself. "The chance I've been waiting for! Whatever happens, whatever comes of it, *I shall—go!*"

The next day Juliet set forth on her voyage of adventure, with the mingling of elation and nervousness inevitable under the circumstances. Remindful of telephone instructions, she attired herself with especial care, and was agreeably conscious that she looked her best. A travelling costume as smart as it was simple, a trig little hat, with just one dash of colour at the side to give the needed cachet and emphasise the tints of the face beneath. "Really quite a creditable face!" she told herself, smiling back at a reflection of grey eyes thickly fringed with black lashes, curling, humorous lips, and the prettiest flush of pink—genuine, washable pink—upon the cheeks. "If I were happy, if I were interested, I might be almost—beautiful," she told herself with a sigh; "every woman grows plain when she is superfluous and—alone."

Seated in the train, drawing near to her destination, Juliet found herself repeating the words over and over, like a child rehearsing a lesson. "Alice White," cried the mental voice, "Alice White," and again, "Alice White. It's my name! I must answer to it. I must give it when asked. I am Alice White, professional *something*—I don't know what. I am obeying a telephone summons meant for someone else, and if I don't want to be discovered within five minutes of my arrival I must keep my

THE GIRL WHO WISHED FOR ADVENTURE

wits about me, and think seventeen times at least before I utter a word. I'm to be met at the station and treated as one of the family, and to remember that appearance is a strong point, and wear my very best clothes. . . ." She knitted her brows, and for the hundredth time endeavoured to reach a solution of the mystery. "I can't be a sick-nurse; the clothes settle that. If it had been that I should have had to confess at once. But in other capacities I'm intelligent, I'm experienced, I'm willing. I'm more than willing—I'm eager! There's no reason why I should not do as well as the real Alice. After all, it's quite a usual thing to take up work under a professional name. Writers do it, artists, actors; there can be no harm in using the poor girl's name, if I do my best with her work."

The train drew up at the station, a small, flowery, country station, and opening the door, Juliet stepped lightly to the ground. Her carriage had been at the end of the train, and the length of platform stretched before her. A glance showed a solitary porter approaching the luggage van; one commanding figure of an unusually big man, in a tweed knickerbocker suit; and, farther off still, by the door of the booking-office, two ladies in navy blue costumes, apparently awaiting the arrival of friends. At the extreme end of the train another door opened, and an elderly man, carrying a bag, made a heavy descent to the platform. The ladies stood motionless; the man in tweeds hurried towards where Juliet stood. She looked at him anxiously, met the glance of a pair of level, brown eyes, and was instantly conscious of two things concerning his state of mind: he was embarrassed; he was also agreeably relieved. The next moment he was by her side, and was holding out his hand.

"Miss White?"

"Yes."

"I am Antony Maplestone."

"Oh!"

Juliet was conscious that her own sensations exactly duplicated those of her companion. She was embarrassed; she was also agreeably relieved, for if adventure were to be her portion, no girl could have wished for a more attractive stage manager to initiate her into her part. She stood blushing and smiling, wondering what to say next, subconsciously aware the while

that, by placing his tall form between her and the end of the platform, Maplestone was designedly screening her from the scrutiny of the blue-robed dames.

"I have a dogcart waiting," he said hastily, "I'm going to drive you home, and explain things *en route*; my man will look after your boxes. Er—there's just one thing—" The air of embarrassment grew more marked; a flush showed in his cheeks. "It's a nuisance; there are two women over there—neighbours; I'm afraid I'll be obliged to introduce you. Do you think, for a few minutes, until we can escape, you could manage to look a little—*intimate*?" His voice, his look, were so full of apology at the suggestion, that Juliet's surprise gave way to amusement. She laughed, a bright, girlish laugh, and said "Certainly!" in crisp, matter-of-fact tones which were evidently a vast relief to her companion. He stepped quickly to one side, as if anxious that her smiling face should be seen by others besides himself, and led the way down the platform, inclining his head towards her with an air of deepest solicitude.

"You have had a comfortable journey?"

"Oh, yes," Juliet nodded gaily, responding readily to his cue. He wished her to talk, he wished the watching women to believe that this was no first meeting, but a reunion of friends. For some unknown reason it was necessary to his interests that they should receive this impression. Very well, then, it should be done. "Alice White" was not going to fail in the first call upon her.

"Oh, yes, quite comfy. I had a tea basket. *China* tea. Did you know you could get *China* tea in baskets? And a ducky little pot of jam, all to myself. Isn't the station pretty? Such sweet flowers!"

They were close to the ticket office by this time. The man's eyes flashed a look of gratitude and appreciation. He laid a light touch on her arm, and brought her to a stand before the waiting women.

"Here she is! I'm not disappointed, you see. I want to introduce you to each other while I have a chance. Miss Clare Lawson—Lady Lorrinna—Miss Bridges."

Juliet bowed and smiled, her senses momentarily stunned by the responsibility of yet another cognomen. Now she would have to

THE QUIVER

begin all over again and train herself to be "Clare."

The eyes of the two women were keenly critical; their words were cordial, if somewhat mysterious.

"So pleased to meet you! Quite an honour to be the first to welcome you. The Squire *will* be delighted!"

"I shall be delighted to see him," Juliet declared, smiling. She disliked the attitude of these women as much as she was attracted by that of the man by her side. Despite their assurances, she had a conviction that they were *not* pleased at her arrival; that it was a disappointment to them to find her appearance beyond criticism. The big man stood silent by her side; she divined also that he was nervous and troubled, momentarily dreading a slip on her part. She was determined to make no slip. Already she had ranked herself on his side, and felt the stirring of the true actor's joy in making the best of his part.

The younger of the two women gave a difficult, unmirthful laugh. She was a thin, elegant-looking creature, rather over thirty, whose good looks were marred by an expression of discontent.

"Really, you know," she cried in affected tones, "we thought your name was Harris, and that Antony had invented you for his own convenience. It seemed so strange that he had never spoken of you before."

Juliet's little laugh of response was quite sweet and unruffled. "Oh, I'm very real, I assure you. A most substantial person. I'm so glad he didn't bore you with descriptions; they lead to so *much* disappointment." She held out her hand with a charming assurance. "Good-bye! Perhaps we may meet again."

The next moment they were passing through the office, out of view of the curious eyes, and a low-toned "Bravo!" acclaimed the success of her effort. Juliet laughed in involuntary self-congratulation, and Maplestone laughed in sympathy. The two women, catching a sight of the dogcart as it wheeled down the lane, saw the two laughing faces turned towards each other in mutual enjoyment, and the sight was not good in their eyes.

"It's true, then; an absolute fact. And quite presentable, too. Well, Honoria, I'm sorry."

Meanwhile Juliet was putting her first question to her companion.

"Please, why am I Clare Lawson?"

His face fell. Amusement gave place to embarrassment. "Do you object? I'm sorry to have sprung it upon you so suddenly, but—well, you had to have some name, hadn't you? I suppose one is as good as another."

"Perhaps so, but it's just a trifle confusing, because—" Juliet drew herself up on the verge of an incriminating confession. "As you say, it doesn't really matter, but I am naturally interested. Who is Clare Lawson?"

"Er—as a matter of fact, there is no such person. I invented a fictitious girl, then, suddenly, was called upon for her name, so had to christen her on the spur of the moment. Clare happened to be the name of the heroine in a novel I'd just finished reading, and Lawson was the first surname which came to my mind. It's not such a *bad* name, is it?"

Juliet made an expressive little grimace.

"Considered as an artistic effort, I can't say much for it. You might have done so much better. Clare! I'm not a bit like a Clare. And who is Clare *supposed* to be?"

He looked at her with a keen, comprehensive glance. Juliet had an impression that what he saw increased his embarrassment, from the very reason of his admiration. What he had to say would evidently have been easier if she had been less attractive, had not so obviously belonged to his own class. The flush mounted once more to his cheeks.

"Miss Lawson, I should like to begin with a word of self-defence. I have the reputation of being straight in my dealings—I think I may say that it is deserved—yet at this moment, owing to an—impulse, to—er—the folly of a moment, I find myself stranded, implicated—how shall I express it? I'm in the dickens of a hole, anyway, and for the moment can't imagine how I am ever to get out."

"And if you only knew it, *so am I!*" was Juliet's mental reflection. Aloud, she said sententiously, "Such things *do* happen. I've heard of them. Please tell me about it. Perhaps I can help."

"That's ripping of you! You see, obviously, there *had* to be a girl, and, obviously also, I couldn't ask a friend. There



"Do you think, for a few minutes, until we can escape, you could manage to look a little—intima'e?"—p. 561.

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

THE QUIVER

was nothing for it but to get someone from outside. I searched the newspapers and spotted your office. They said they employed ladies, and being trained to detect—to inquiry work, I thought it would come easy to act a part."

In after years Juliet never quite understood how she retained her balance at that moment, and did not topple sideways, fall out of the high cart, and find a speedy solution of her troubles. The sudden realisation that she was masquerading as nothing more or less than a lady detective was so stunning in its unexpectedness and chagrin, that even the tactful softening of the term to that of inquiry agent failed to restore her equanimity. Now, indeed, there was nothing before her but confession, for her whole nature revolted from the position of a "spy" in the household. It required a strong effort to speak in a natural voice.

"Wouldn't it be better if you began at the beginning and told me the whole story?"

"That's what I am trying to do, but it's so difficult. The Squire, Mr. Maplestone, is my uncle. He and his wife have been like parents to me. I am in the army—Indian regiment—home on a year's leave. They have no children, and I am their heir. Naturally, under the circumstances, they are anxious that I should—er—"

"Marry!"

"Quite so. Well!" in a tone of aggrieved self-vindication, "I mean to marry. Every fellow does, when he gets past thirty. I came home this time with the determination to get engaged at the first opportunity, but—er—the time has passed by, a d—it hasn't come off. I've met lots of girls, charming girls. I can't honestly say that I haven't had the opportunity, but when it came to the point"—he shrugged again—"I simply didn't want them, and that was the end of the matter. The dickens of it is, my leave is up in two months from now, and the old man is at the end of his patience. Last week he had an attack of gout, a bad one too, and that brought matters to a crisis. He declared he'd cut me off there and then, if I did not get engaged at once. I was sorry for the old fellow; he was in horrible pain; the doctor said he must be soothed at all costs, so—er—er—on the spur of the moment, I invented Clare. I said I was engaged to Clare—that Clare was afraid of the Indian climate, and refused to marry me

till the regiment returned home, two years from now. I hardly realised what I was saying. I was between the devil and the deep sea. But he swallowed it whole, went off to sleep, and woke up as bright as a button. I was inclined to congratulate myself on having done a clever thing, for, as I told you, I intend to marry. I am only waiting for the right girl to turn up. I may very likely meet her on the voyage out. Many men do. But—retribution fell upon me. He demanded to see Clare. I prevaricated. He grew suspicious. There was another scene, another relapse; it was a case of confessing all, at goodness knows what risk, or of finding Clare, and producing her for inspection. So—you see—"

Juliet sat silent, petrified, aflame. While he had been speaking, Maplestone had kept his eyes rigorously averted from her face; he continued to do so now, and they drove along the quiet lane in a silence which could be felt—a throbbing, palpitating, scorching silence, which grew momentarily more unendurable. Juliet told herself fiercely that she was a fool to feel embarrassed. Alice White would not have been embarrassed. Alice White would have accepted the position as a pure matter of business. As Alice White's substitute, she must pull herself together and discuss the matter in a cool, rational fashion. If only her cheeks were not quite so hot!

"It's—er—rather an unusual proposition, isn't it? It is, as you say, somewhat difficult to discuss. Suppose," she cried desperately, "we treat it with a sense of humour. *Don't* let us be serious. Let us laugh over it, and then it will become quite easy."

"Oh, thank you—yes. How ripping of you!" His eyes flashed relief. "I can promise you that it won't be nearly as trying as it sounds. The old people will be all that is kind, and—er—you understand that he is an invalid, and his wife is his nurse. They are engrossed with their own affairs, and won't worry you with questions. It is only in your supposed connection with me that you will—er—enter into their lives. As to myself, I have the reputation of being reserved to a fault. They won't expect me to—er—er—"

Juliet forced a determined smile. "Precisely so! We'll be a model of all that an engaged couple—ought to be. But I had

THE GIRL WHO WISHED FOR ADVENTURE

better not make myself too agreeable, in case the subsequent breaking off should prejudice the old people against you. I conclude I am to break it off?"

"Yes, please, if you don't mind, when I meet the real girl. But please do me credit *pro tem*. The great thing is to demonstrate to the old man that I seriously think of marriage, and those two years give plenty of time. You understand that you have an insuperable objection to the Indian climate?"

"Certainly; that's easy. I've always longed to go, so I shall just turn my arguments upside down. And—er—where did we meet?"

"Oh, yes, of course, we must have some mutual coaching. There's not much time now, but after tea they'll expect us to have a *tête-à-tête*; we'll go over it then. I was introduced to you at Henley. You're the sister of Phil Lawson, an old school friend. It—er—it was a case at first sight. We got engaged on the third day."

"Most unwise!" said Juliet primly, and they laughed together with the heartiness born of relief from a painful situation. Really, this sense-of-humour attitude was an admirable solution.

Antony slackened the reins and, fumbling in a pocket, drew out a small box.

"May I—just for the next few days—beg your acceptance of this bauble?"

"Oh, thank you." Juliet drew off her gloves and held up a well-shaped hand, on the third finger of which sparkled a row of diamonds. "It's not necessary. I can put this one on my left hand. It has quite an engagementy look about it, and I'd rather—"

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it won't do. This is a family heirloom. The old man would consider it a slight if it were not used. Just for one week."

He opened the box, and showed a great square-cut emerald, set in a border of diamonds—an antique jewel, evidently of considerable value—lifted it between finger and thumb, and held it out with calm expectancy. Quite calmly also, Juliet extended her left hand; but at the mutual touch, it was impossible to resist a thrill of embarrassment, a lightning realisation of what the moment might have meant had the action been real instead of masquerade. Juliet hastily drew on her gloves; Antony became

engrossed in driving. They drove in silence up a long drive, and saw before them an old stone mansion, covered with clustering ivy.



That night Juliet lay awake until far into the small hours, living over again the events of the last hours. She felt again the nervous shrinking with which she had gone through the introduction to her host and hostess, had sat drinking tea beneath the watchful scrutiny of the former's irascible blue eyes. Old Mr. Maplestone was a typical gouty, country Squire; short, thick-set, ruddy of hue, with a keenness of observation that was positively uncanny. In five minutes' time he could have passed an examination on the details of Juliet's appearance, and she realised as much, and breathed a sigh of relief when the hard eyes softened and an offer of hot scones was prefaced by "My dear." "My dear" had been examined and found correct. "My dear" was approved. "My dear" was even treated to the orthodox banter of the occasion. "So you've taken him on, eh? We'd given him up as hopeless. Bowled him over in three days, after being bullet-proof all these years! How did you manage to do it?"

"I can't think," declared Juliet, truthfully enough, but she smiled as she said it, and showed a dimple, and dropped her eyelids so that the dark eyelashes rested on the pink of her cheek; and the old Squire laughed till he choked, and offered her more cakes, and called her "My dear" twice over in a single sentence, and delivered himself of the opinion that Antony was a lucky dog.

"But what's this nonsense about waiting two years? What's this nonsense about not going back with him to India?" The Squire's manner had a threat of bluster, and Antony came to the rescue with a tactful reminder.

"Clare is tired, uncle. Don't question her just now. I'm going to take her into the garden for an hour, and then send her upstairs to rest."

Then they had sat in a rose-shaded arbour, Antony Maplestone and herself, and talked. There had been so much to discuss. It was like making up a play, and coaching each other in the principal parts; and at every hill difficulty the blessed sense of humour came to their aid.

THE QUIVER

"Let me be perfectly clear upon one point," Juliet had demanded. "Am I nice, and amiable, and meek, or am I dashing and sportive?"

"Neither one nor the other—a useful blend. Don't worry about that. You are perfectly all right as you are."

"And—just as a guide for moments of expansion—*might* it be 'Tony'?"

"Tony it must be; most decidedly Tony." His voice was brisk with decision. The brown eyes brightened in anticipation. "Perhaps even occasionally 'Dear.'"

"Oh, no!" Juliet shook her head obstinately. "No 'dears'! I've been strictly brought up. I'm shy. No demonstrations in public. I've no brothers, you see, and have led a secluded life."

"Yes, yes, there's Phil; you must remember Phil. It was your brother Phil who introduced us at Henley. You were staying with friends."

"I have friends near Henley. Their name is Jones. Can you remember Jones? Mr. Jones, solicitor; Mrs. Jones; Miss Jones; Miss Florence Jones; Mr. Reginald Jones, son, junior partner."

"Just so. Reginald, of course, is Philip's friend. Phil is, like myself, home on leave. That simplifies things for you. By the by, he is in China, in the Customs."

"Poor dear Philip; with all these horrid riots. I *do* feel anxious about him," sighed naughty Juliet in response; then, suddenly, "I wonder," she had cried soberly, "if I ought! I hate to deceive people, even for their own good. I wonder if I ought to go on."

"But surely"—he stared at her in amazement—"it's your *profession*! It would be impossible to do inquiry work if people knew from the beginning what you were about. Why did you—excuse me—choose such a profession if your conscience is so tender?"

"I—I didn't realise. It was arranged in a hurry. I don't think I shall take any more cases."

"No, don't," Antony cried eagerly. "It's all right this time, for you have fallen among people who will treat you properly, but it might be so different. Haven't you a home where you can live safely and comfortably?"

"Very comfortably indeed, but I happen to be one of the horde of superfluous women who need something more than comfort."

Antony had looked at her curiously at that, but he had asked no questions. Juliet was thankful for his silence, for the absence of obvious compliments. The situation would be intolerable with a man of another type. With Maplestone one had a comfortable feeling of security—a very comfortable feeling. Juliet fell asleep with a smile on her lips.



For three days all went well, the Squire approving, his wife motherly, Antony chivalrous and attentive. Whatever the real experience might be, Juliet was satisfied that pretending to be engaged was an agreeable experience. Morning and afternoon Antony drove her abroad, sat with her in the rose garden, or escorted her on long walks over the countryside, and soon, wonderfully soon! there was no further need of coaching between them, for the lives of each, and the experiences thereof, the hopes, aspirations, rebuffs, had been spread as in an opened book before the eyes of the other, with just one reservation on Juliet's side—the disclosure of her own identity.

"I have had an adventurous life. The one thing I have not had to complain of is monotony," said Antony.

"And I have had nothing else—until now. I have gone on, year after year, existing—not living—in the same little rut."

"No wonder you broke loose. A girl like you was never made for stagnation. You ought to travel: to see the world. I never met a woman with so keen an appreciation of beauty. Gad! how you would enjoy India, and the scenery we have over there. Last year we were stationed in the north, above Darjeeling. I'd like to blind-fold you, and take you to a spot I know, and then take off the bandage, and show you—the snows! That would be a moment worth living for."

"Ah, yes. Unfortunately, however, the climate of India is prejudicial to my health," Juliet reminded him primly.

"Oh, hang the climate of India!" cried Antony Maplestone.

The Squire also was inclined to "hang" the Indian climate in its bearing upon the health of his guest. He cross-questioned her upon the subject with increasing irritability.

"What's the matter with your health?"



"If it had been work of which I was incapable I should have left at once. You believe it, don't you?"—p. 569.

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

THE QUIVER

"You look strong enough. Can't have a liver with that complexion. Can't have a heart, rushing about all day long. Given it away, eh, what? Antony, what's wrong with her heart?"

"Nothing, sir. It's a tip-top heart; in first-class working condition."

"What's wrong, then—what's wrong? Nothing but nerves and nonsense. If I were a young man and my fiancée didn't care enough about me to face a bit of discomfort, I'd—I'd comfort myself with the first nice girl that *would*! If you let him go off to India alone, young lady, you'll have yourself to thank if you are left in the lurch."

Juliet took out her handkerchief and pretended to cry. It was a comfort to be able to hide one's face, and besides, just between herself and the handkerchief there *was* a tear. She *would* be left in the lurch, and, oh, my goodness, how dull it would be!

From the end of the room sounded three separate gasps of consternation.

"Leave her *alone*, uncle! It's my affair. Clare, *don't* cry!"

"He doesn't mean it, dear; he doesn't mean it. Antony never would."

"Kiss her, you stupid fellow, kiss her! What's the use of glowering there?"

Then, in the midst of a thrilling silence, Juliet felt strong arms enfold her, felt the sweep of a moustache against her cheek. It was the first, the very first time in the course of her twenty-six years that any man but a blood relation had offered her a caress, and—she liked the sensation! She felt a horrible, horrible inclination to abandon herself to that strong support, to lift her own lips to meet his. The rebound from the temptation gave energy to the gesture with which she pushed him away and leapt, flaming, to her feet.

"It's my own heart, and I know best what it can stand. And—and—there are snakes—and rats—and insects, crawling things dropping from the ceilings! He can have anyone he likes. I don't care. I don't want him. I'll stay at home!" She dashed wildly from the room.

Antony and his aunt stared blankly at each other. The Squire chuckled complacently and rubbed his hands.

"*That's* all right," he cried cheerily. "That's done it. She'll go with you, my

boy. She'll go all right. Book a second passage to-morrow, and I'll stand the risk."



At dinner that night there was an air of festival. The feast was sumptuous, the table was decorated with exquisite hothouse flowers, purely, spotlessly white—a bridal white, unmistakable in its significance. Juliet blushed as she beheld that table, and blushed again looking down on her own white robe. Upstairs in her own room she had cried, and stormed, and blushed, and trembled, and vowed fiercely to leave the house by the first train on the following morning, and sobbed again at the thought of departure. Also, she had vowed with fervour to be cold as ice to Antony Maplestone, and to prove to him by the haughtiness of her demeanour that his caress was unpardonable, without excuse. And then, being a woman, and a particularly feminine one at that, she had naturally selected her very best dress, and had arrayed herself therein for his delectation.

Now what bad luck that the dress happened to be white!

The Squire over-ate himself recklessly. "Hang it all, my dear," he informed his protesting wife, "a man can't always be thinking of diet. There *are* occasions—" He nodded meaningly towards his guest, and quaffed a bumper of champagne.

After dinner, when the pseudo-lovers were left alone for the nightly *tête-à-tête*, the subject of the Squire's indiscretion was eagerly seized upon as a subject for conversation, to abate the embarrassment from which both were suffering.

Said Antony, "It's madness. He has not yet recovered from the last attack. One would think that a man who has suffered as he did would have learnt wisdom."

Said Juliet gloomily, "Who does? Nobody does! It certainly doesn't become *us* to—er—"

"Well," he interrupted quickly, "let's hope he escapes this time. It's hard on a man to be everlastingly prudent. I'm not at all sure that the greatest wisdom does not exist in occasionally breaking loose."

Juliet faced him, erect and dignified. She had scented a personal application in his words, and was determined to stand no nonsense.

"Mr. Maplestone, I have been here four

THE GIRL WHO WISHED FOR ADVENTURE

days; it seems to me inadvisable to stay any longer. To-morrow morning I propose to receive a telegram summoning me home. I should be obliged if you could make it convenient to be out after eleven o'clock. It would make it easier for me to get away."

There was consternation in his glance; more than consternation—dismay.

"Go! Why on earth should you go? Is it the office? Do they want you back at the office? Let *me* write. Surely if I write and say——"

"As a matter of fact there is *no* office. It's a mistake. I—I am not what I seem!" cried Juliet, with a touch of melodrama, born of desperation. Not another moment could she stand the deception; not another moment could she masquerade under another woman's name. "I'm *not* an inquiry agent. Never was. Never will be. It was just—just——"

"Sit down. Sit down. Take your own time. Tell me all about it." Antony pushed a deep-cushioned chair towards her, seated himself near at hand, leant forward, gazing into her eyes. There was no consternation on his face this time; no dismay; nothing but happiest relief. "If you only knew how *thankful* I am! I hated the thought of such work for you. Now—tell me."

And Juliet told him. Told him how, among a party of friends, she had avowed her yearning for adventure, and had been bidden to hold fast to the thought, and await an opportunity. All things, she was told, come in good time to those who wait. And she had waited; through long, monotonous, uneventful months she had waited and waited in vain. And then, suddenly, a chance, an opening, a possibility which must be taken, or left, while a moment ticked away its course. She told of the dead girl whose place she had taken, honestly determining to do her best, to allow no one to suffer through the exchange.

"If it had been work of which I was incapable I should have left at once. You believe it, don't you? You *do* believe it?"

Antony seemed to ignore the question as beneath notice. Something infinitely more important was occupying his mind.

"Then, what is your real name?"

"Juliet. All that I have told you of my

people is true. Everything is true, but the name and the work. Perhaps, in time to come, you might explain to your uncle that Clare Lawson was just a professional name which I adopted when I tried to—to take up work. It is quite usual. Many women do it."

"*Juliet!*" he repeated softly. From his manner he appeared to have heard only her name. "*Juliet!* It's perfect. A name that suits you above all others. Of course you are Juliet. I was a fool not to know that before. Juliet! I am so glad you are not Clare."

"I'm not Clare, and I'm not Alice. It's a—a joke in two moves, but it is time it should stop. To-morrow I must go."

"You must not go. It's madness! Is it because of—of what happened to-day? It need never happen again. I was dreadfully sorry. I would not for the world——"

"Of course, of course. I *quite* understand. You were driven to it. It was as disagreeable to you as to me," Juliet said sourly. She *felt* sour; more ruffled by the explanation than she had been by the offence itself.

What would have happened next there is no saying, for at that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Mapstone appeared on the threshold. Uncle Godfrey was in pain. He wished to go to bed. Would Tony come and give him an arm?



Retribution sure and swift fell upon the Squire. All night long he tossed in pain, and in the early morn the doctor was summoned, who delivered himself of a gloomy verdict: Serious. One bad attack following on the top of another. The patient had been warned, and the patient had transgressed. The patient's heart was not in a condition to stand these repeated strains. The patient must have a nurse. Must be kept quiet. The patient must be safeguarded against irritation and strain. Excitement at this juncture might have serious effects.

Then the doctor drove away, and the patient, who was to be kept quiet, proceeded to work himself into a condition of fuss and antagonism against every separate member of the household, and in especial against Antony, his heir: It was Antony's fault that he was laid low, the contrariety of Antony which had ruined his health; and now he lay

THE QUIVER

at death's door (he *was* at death's door; he *chose* to lie at death's door; it was his own business, he supposed, at which door he should lie!); now, at this last moment, Antony delayed — prevaricated — shilly-shallied — talked calmly of waiting a couple of years. It was not the girl's fault. The girl was willing enough. She was making a pretence of unwillingness—all girls made a pretence. Let Antony stand up to her like a man and she would give in—be glad to give in. Summon Antony! Summon the girl! Let them be brought before him. Let this matter be settled, once for all!

Trembling, Mrs. Maplestone obeyed his orders. Trembling, Juliet obeyed, and stood beside the patient's bed. Antony was not trembling, but his cheek was pale. Crimson-cheeked, bright of eye, the patient made his pronouncement: He had waited long enough; he could wait no longer; within the next few days he intended to die—probably to-morrow, or the day after—but before he died he wished to see his heir married to the woman of his choice. Send instantly for a priest!

"My dear uncle," Antony protested, "the thing's impossible. Even if—even if— There are preliminaries. Banns. Licences. It is a case of weeks; of *several* weeks——"

But the Squire knew better. There were such things as special licences. When money was no object, when life and death hung in the balance, mountains had been, mountains could again be removed. With a shaking hand he beckoned Juliet to his side, and levied a shocking question:

"Girl, do you wish to kill me?"

"You don't understand, you don't understand," wailed the unhappy girl. "Dear Mr. Maplestone, try to be quiet; try not to

worry about us. Only get better, and then—then——"

"I shall never get better," repeated the Squire. His small bright eyes glittered with a sudden suspicion. "Is he playing with you? Fast and loose, to suit his own convenience? Has he been unkind to you—cold—disappointing? Are you tired already of the fellow?"

"Oh, no, oh, no, you *don't* understand. Dear Mr. Maplestone, do leave it until you are stronger."

The crimson of the Squire's cheeks turned to a deeper hue, a spasm of pain contorted his lips, his eyes rolled, closed, opened again, and turned with a dreadful intensity upon his nephew.

"I'm dying!" he cried. "You are killing me between you. *Antony!*"

Then Antony stepped forward and took Juliet by the hands. White to the lips was he, but there was no flinching in his eyes, no tremor in the tone of his strong voice.

"My darling," said Antony, "*will you marry me this week?* As God is my witness, it is my dearest wish. As God is my witness, I will make you happy."

At the opposite side of the bed Mrs. Maplestone subsided helplessly into tears. Writhing, gasping in pain, the Squire muttered to himself, "What a fuss to make—what a fuss about nothing!"

To Juliet, as to Antony, they might have been at the other side of the world. They had ceased to exist. He stood, drawn up to his full height, gazing down into her face. She looked up, looked deep, deep into the steady brown eyes, and read therein what she most longed to see.

"Yes, Tony, I will. The sooner the better," said Juliet, and, so saying, started trustfully upon life's greatest adventure.

(Next month Mrs. de Horne Vaizey will tell the story of
"The Man who Waited for Love.")



WHEN THE CHILD LEAVES SCHOOL

Godfather-Supervisors Wanted, and what they have to do

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

Here is a work not difficult to perform, wanting only a little heart, a little leisure, and a little common sense, yet which is of infinite value to the community. Too often boys and girls leaving school drift into "blind-alley" occupations. This article tells how their young lives may be directed into the right channels.

ONE of the crucial problems of to-day is to find suitable employment for the boys and girls who are month by month streaming out of the elementary schools at the age of fourteen—or younger, if they succeed in passing the examination for the leaving certificate.

"Blind-Alley" Employments

Teachers and all those interested in their welfare are anxious they should not drift with the multitude into "blind-alley" employments; for the boys who become messengers, paper-boys, van-boys, errand-boys, and the girls who become step-girls and workers in certain types of factory have no skilled trade at their finger-tips.

They may receive a weekly wage of a few shillings at the outset—an irresistible lure to most working-class parents—but the door of progress is thereby shut for the children.

Yet the country needs skilled workers of many kinds.

In London there are even insufficient good needlewomen, and Irish and French women supply the market. The deplorable wastage of time between leaving school and finding the right work is another evil, disastrous to the ex-scholar, who rarely knows what he wants or can do best; while his parents have little knowledge of trade conditions, even those prevailing in the neighbourhood.

It is clear that since under penalty the parent must send the child to school, as

the leaving age approaches something must be done by the community to help the boy or girl to obtain suitable employment. The head master and head mistress, however willing, have other work to do, though again and again they do help in the matter. But the School Care Committees which concern themselves with the health, feeding, and clothing of necessitous scholars, are already at work and available for re-constitution into After-Care Committees, to shepherd ex-scholars during the critical two years between fourteen and sixteen. London started with about ten After-Care Committees, composed, for the most part, of the individuals serving on the Care Committees; it was then a fairly easy

matter to find work for the boy or girl, but now some 500 odd schools have After-Care Committees all anxious to secure good posts for their protégés. This would be exceedingly difficult were it not for aid afforded in the following way by the Board of Trade.

Registering Juveniles

In 1910 the Board issued, after consultation with the Board of Education, special rules for registration of juvenile applicants at Labour Exchanges

in England and Wales. Four of them concerned the establishment by the Board of Trade of special Advisory Committees for Juvenile Employment. The committee must include "persons with experience or knowledge of education or other conditions

WANTED

MEN and Women to act as Godfather and Godmother-Supervisors to boys and girls leaving school.

Qualifications: Some imagination, interest in child-life, sympathy, and tact.

Time: A little leisure.

Reward: Child-life saved from wastage; one's own life enriched.

For particulars, read this article.

THE QUIVER

affecting young persons, and also representatives of employers and workmen."

A typical committee would be constituted thus: Chairman, appointed by the Board of Trade; Secretary, Labour Exchange official; members—six nominated by the local education authority, three representatives of employers, three representatives of workpeople, three persons interested in the welfare of boys and girls. It is these three last members who are the voluntary social workers greatly needed on a committee, but of whom at present there is a sore lack. Before discussing their work, it will be advisable to consider the method of dealing with the ex-scholar in some one locality, and for this purpose let us take a London elementary schoolboy.

Making a Start

A few weeks before the lad reaches the age of fourteen his schoolmaster fills up and signs the first half of a School-leaving Form, containing particulars of the boy's name, address, date of birth, dates of entering and leaving school, standard, ability, conduct, height, extracts from the medical officer's last report on health (eyes, ears, heart, lungs), and any recommendations concerning employment and further study.

The second half of the form is the School Care Committee's report on the home circumstances and father's occupation, the parents' wishes as to employment, the boy's inclinations, and the name and address of a suitable individual or institution to keep in touch with the child, and finally the Committee's own recommendations. The



"The boys who become van-boys have no skilled trade at their finger-tips"—p. 571.

Photo:
Pictorial
Agency

"suitable individual" may be a scout-master, a Sunday School teacher, the secretary of a boys' club, or some benevolent person interesting himself over the boy. A copy of the form is filed by the After-Care Committee, which meets at the school, and another is sent to the nearest Juvenile Labour Exchange, where the particulars are card-indexed.

If it is wished to train the boy in a craft or technical trade, a copy is also sent to the Apprenticeship and Skilled Employment Association. (In the case

of a girl desirous of entering domestic service, a copy may be sent to the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants.)

The Apprenticeship Association is represented on the Juvenile Advisory Committee, or J.A.C., which gives expert advice on the labour market and makes an excellent ally for the After-Care Committee. The secretary or an expert from headquarters interviews employers and learns the commercial possibilities of the neighbourhood.

The J.A.C. meets one or both parents, with the boy, at one of the rota meetings held three evenings a week at the Juvenile Labour Exchange of the district, to discuss the boy's future. The rota has before it particulars of openings notified either by employers in the district or through the Clearing House and the School-leaving Form.

The Supervisor's Work

A suitable opening may be found there and then, or further search may be necessary.

WHEN THE CHILD LEAVES SCHOOL

The matter once settled, the J.A.C. informs the supervisor, or helper of the After-Care Committee, about it. He discovers the boy's opinion of the work, conditions and prospects offered, and, especially when the work is at a distance, inquires on his behalf about clubs, evening schools, and so on, then reports back to the J.A.C. through the After-Care Committee. Should the boy accept the post, he is not left alone, but carefully shepherded by the After-Care Committee in the person of the supervisor or helper delegated to keep in touch with the boy and to send in periodic reports about him.

The supervisor is invited to visit the Juvenile Labour Exchange, where he consults with the secretary if anything goes wrong; but it does not fall within his province to visit the employer. The latter is asked to send periodic reports to the Juvenile Labour Exchange, and if there is any complaint or dissatisfaction the J.A.C. takes up the matter. Thus, practically, the After-Care Committee acts for the ex-scholar and the Board of Education; the J.A.C. for the employer and the Board of Trade; and where the interests of the lad and his employer conflict much depends on the supervisor to settle the disagreement. As a matter of fact, one-third of the members of the J.A.C. are members of the local Education Committee.

This is the organisation, and these are the methods of procedure at present followed in London, and something of the kind is already being tried for the secondary scholars. Much of the work is official; but readers of *THE QUIVER*, acquainted with the homes of the industrial class, will fully appreciate the importance of the aid of voluntary helpers on the Care Committees and After-Care Committees, the opportunity for a kindly, wise, leisured man or woman to take interest in the start in life of a helpless boy or girl, by utilising the agencies above described.

An Important Work

As the supervisor or helper, he may visit the home of a certain Tommy, who is leaving or has left school, and tactfully inquire about his future. The lad may appear to the supervisor, a retired naval man, to be cut out for a sailor. The suggestion of the sea is liked, and the boy soon finds himself in a training-ship, preparing to enter the Royal Navy. Or the medical officer may advise country life, and by means of the agencies above described a boy is sent to a farm or emigrated. Perhaps a third boy wishes to follow his father's occupation of mason or compositor, and relatives can place him.

Then, the question of work being settled, the supervisor tries to interest the boy in



"A few weeks before the lad reaches the age of fourteen his schoolmaster fills up the School-leaving Form."

Photo
Pictorial Agency.

THE QUIVER

profitable ways, gets him to join a cadet corps, a boys' club, or the local scouts, and so promotes some strong attraction to counteract evil influences with which the boy may be surrounded at work or in the street—betting, drinking, and bad company. It is matter for rejoicing thus to have helped half a dozen boys or girls of deserving, necessitous families; but the supervisor in a low district may save a young life from moral and physical ruin, and that without expenditure of any money, just by devoting some time, thought, and care to the case.

One young man—an orphan who narrowly escaped ruin himself—is keen on helping lads, some of whom, it is said, loaf about the streets in the first instance because in the evening the front door is locked. Many parents are callous of their children's future, and try to exploit their labour. The supervisors help to create a better public opinion on the matter, so that in any street—for the supervisor is often drafted to one particular street—it shall become a matter of reproach that a boy or girl shall go into a blind alley occupation or the parents snatch the wages of the children for drink and gambling.

Possibly nought but the loud and emphatic condemnation of other dwellers in Poverty Street could have made impossible the following action. A young girl was leaving school, and a situation as a maidservant had been found for her. The boy carpenters

in the school made a box for her; the girls of her own class sewed nice clothes, the materials of which had been provided by the head-mistress. The girl made her start. She was comfortable and doing well in her situation, when the father stepped in, took her home, and made her go to a factory where she could immediately earn more money, that he took to spend in drink. This was one of the disappointing experi-

ences such as after-care workers occasionally undergo; but they merely rouse greater determination to help other boys and girls.

It is sometimes very difficult to find a supervisor; moreover, employers dislike being interviewed by officials, and prefer to have call upon them representatives of voluntary societies. In Birmingham it is sought to provide every child with a sort of god-father-supervisor and to co-operate with trade unions, labour organisations, adult schools, and brotherhoods.

Engineering is very popular with boys; while silver-smithing, cabinet making, carpentry, printing, leather work, plumbing,

and many trades absorb the boys. Dress-making, millinery, and typing will remain more attractive to girls than domestic work, until the latter is stamped with the hallmark of honour and dignity in the eyes of the girls and their mothers.

Where to Apply

Naturally, the question arises how best to offer one's services as a supervisor.



"It is for him to win the confidence of his protégé in opportune moments."

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WHEN THE CHILD LEAVES SCHOOL



"The Supervisor visits the Juvenile Labour Exchange, and consults with the Secretary"—p. 573.

Photo:
Pictorial Agency.

Each city and town has its own organisation for directing help. Numbers have a "Guild of Help." London has the "Personal Service Association," volunteers to which are grouped under District Heads, all experienced social workers, co-operating not only with Care Committees, but with the Charity Organisation Society, the Children's Country Holiday Fund, the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and other philanthropic bodies.

The volunteer visits the Secretary at 36 Tavistock Place, Bloomsbury, London, who discusses the work of supervision and directs the would-be helper to an accessible District Head requiring help in her locality. She gives him names and addresses of children without supervisors, and directs him how to call and set to work. He refers to the District Head when difficulties occur or when his feelings are stirred to give financial aid but he doubts the wisdom of offering it. Friendly sympathy and advice tactfully given are never amiss, and what they mean to a family struggling on the verge of destitution only those who know the lives of the poor can understand.

One advantage of working through the Personal Service Association is that, because this Association links up the leading charitable organisations of London, it avoids the

error of overlapping, indiscriminate charity. The supervisor may find himself working with members of the local Board of Guardians and sometimes with University Settlement workers, numbers of whom are keen on this branch of service. The women's settlement in Nelson Square, for instance, takes it up as part of the routine, and does it well.

What is Wanted

The chief asset of the voluntary worker is a strong desire to help the boy or girl, and the more knowledge he has of industrial life the better. Practically, the child wants advice from a friend and a trade expert. The supervisor may not be an expert, but he has available at the Labour Exchange expert advice about trades and firms; it is for him to win the confidence of his protégé in opportune moments when the labour of the day is over. This need not entail a great expenditure of time, nor any of money; it is a labour of love for the future men and women which meets with its own reward; and it is a labour of hope, for who shall tell the limit of the widening circles of cheer and encouragement that result, the young feet set in the right way, the stumbling-blocks removed from their path?



Photo: Sports & General illus. Co.

THE LICENCE FOR BINGO

The Story of a Stray Dog

By BRENDA ELIZABETH
SPENDER

THE dog came out of the undergrowth, stood for a moment, paw in air, surveying the scene, then proceeded with the utmost expenditure of barks and gambols to join in the game which the small family was playing round the bole of a neighbouring big tree. The little girl of the small family, who may for convenience be called Joan, finding herself a prisoner because the dog had taken her skirts most carefully between his teeth, obligingly sat down on the grass—she was never very long in the mood for running about—and accommodated him with a seat on her diminutive pink-checked cotton lap. He wagged his tail, and Gordon, her little brother, who, that the two members of the small family might be as diverse as possible, added to the fact of being a boy the distinctions of being also very short and plump, bent over carefully to put his fat baby hand on the dog's head.

"Dear 'ickle dog," he said. The dog promptly licked his hand, and to prevent any ill-feeling caressed Joan's small pointed chin with his little red tongue.

"What's 'oo name, 'ickle dog?"

Naturally enough, the dog made no reply, though he acknowledged the question with a motion of his bushy tail.

"His name is Bingo." Joan announced it with the absolute conviction of a strong imagination.

"How do 'oo know?"

"He telled me—di ln't you, Bingo?"

The dog gave a sharp bark and pranced upon her knee, appearing in both their eyes to confirm the assertion. He jumped off on to the grass and shook her frock.

"He wants to play again," said Joan.

This particular park, which had thoughtfully placed itself very near to the suburb in which the small family lived, is not much

like most parks, because there are no flower beds in it and no trim lawns; in fact, nothing but trees and undergrowth and paths and occasional seats, which make it highly superior for playing in. The small family was accustomed to spend its mornings at an establishment calling itself a kindergarten, the infinitesimal charge made for that privilege being, in the eyes of the small family's parents, well worth while, since it abolished all fear of the humiliating attacks of a person known as the school attendance officer; but generally on fine afternoons their mother, who had a genius for catching for their benefit all the small joys that may be caught without any expenditure of hard cash, brought them here. She, from a shady seat near at hand, looked up now from her crochet at the romp round the oak tree, and appreciated, without thinking about it, the picture made by Joan's slim flying figure, Gordon's fat toddling shape, and the dog's fluffy brown few inches of excitability.

"It's good for them to get used to animals," she thought to herself. She was a wise little person, the mother of the small family—not smart or pretty, perhaps, but managing to look surprisingly young, because her hair would hang on her forehead in little curly ends, and her eyes were of that particular short-sighted kind which look infantile until they get hidden behind a pair of spectacles. When tea-time came and the dog was still there, she scarcely felt so pleased with him.

"Send him off now, Joanie; we must be going home." She rolled her crochet round her ball of cotton and stuck the crochet hook through it as she spoke. Joan was obedient, if nothing else; she knelt down before the dog, which it, as she did, one wears bare knees and socks, involves no

THE LICENCE FOR BINGO

criminal disregard for one's stockings, and explained the situation at length. She kissed him on the forehead, and Gordon, at considerable risk of overbalancing himself, followed her lead. There were tears in Joan's eyes as she took her mother's hand, stumbling over every stone and root that came in her way, because she was looking back over her shoulder to where the dog sat watching them, ears down, tail motionless, in the middle of the path.

"I wish we could have a dog, Mumsie," she said presently. Gordon, toddling at the other side of their mother's skirt, echoed the words in a louder voice, with a pronunciation all his own.

"Perhaps we will some day."

"Not Bingo, though," said Joan, still looking back over her shoulder.

The small family lived in a little red house with a brass knocker and letter-box on the front door and a couple of steps which were always very white, the mother of the small family seeing to that herself early every morning when, officially, milkmen are the only people alive, because it is not etiquette to see anyone else, even if they happen to be visible. A path of red and yellow tiles, two yards long, to be exact, led from the door to the gate, where there was an enamelled plate bearing in green on a white ground, a little chipped, a very large "No," a very small "Hawkers," and an equally small "Circulars." It was put there by some former tenant, and of it the small family is secretly very proud. Having said so much, I must say no more, lest among the few thousand more or less of such little houses standing in our suburban streets, you should happen to guess the right one, to the annoyance of the small family, which is, and always has been, very respectable.

The father of the small family, by passing his days at a place in the City known to Joan and Gordon as "the bread-and-butter shop," and imagined according to that description, was able to bring home every Saturday a little salary which was really a wonderful one, because, though it was always the same size, it was never too little for the needs of the small family, and naturally they could not always be the same. If for some reason it resolutely refused to lend itself to the process known as "laying by"—well, as the mother of the small family used to say, "You can't have everything, can you?" Personally, I am inclined to think that the wonderfulness really belonged to the mother of the small family and not to the salary at all, for she knew a very great deal about the importance of cutting one's coat to suit one's cloth, and



"She was looking back to where the little dog sat watching them."

Drawn by
Victor Poot.

THE QUIVER

really, considering what a scrap of material she had to work with in the shape of the little salary, it was a wonderfully neat and cosy garment of life she contrived for the small family.

That night, at supper, which was father's dinner—and mother's too, if she was not particularly anxious about making ends meet, when she had it theoretically with the children at midday—the story of Bingo in the wood was told at length.

"He was the dearest, dearest little dog," said the small daughter earnestly, looking up into her father's face, and not having quite so far to look as some small daughters have, for he matched his family in every respect. "D'you fink he had a home to go to?"

"Lost, most probably." Her father, accustomed at the bread-and-butter shop to answer questions according to probability and not the desire of the questioner, occasionally carried the habit into private life, though very seldom in the case of Joan.

It was even as, having carefully put his daughter's tea-wetted bread-and-butter out of her hand, for one cannot have grease, however meritorious, upon one's business suit, he gathered her on to his knee, intent on offering repeated, if not convincing, consolation, that from outside the front door, which, in the house occupied by the small family, is quite extraordinarily close to the dining-room door, though, considering the size of the whole establishment, it could scarcely be any farther off, there came a most distinct and piercing howl.

The small family seemed a very crowd to itself as it surged out into the hall, though perhaps the dimensions of the hall may account for that. The father pulled back the latches and opened the front door. There on the step sat the dog; his ears were up, but his eyes were a little wistful.

"It's Bingo!" Joan flew out and clasped him to her pinafore.

"He has no collar on, and I don't think he is valuable; perhaps no one will claim him," said the father of the small family next morning. Being a very law-abiding person, he had duly notified the police on the subject of Bingo's arrival; being a very economical one, he had decided not to advertise. "I almost wish we could keep him—Joan seems quite taken up with him."

"I wish we could." His wife looked out into the little back garden, where Joan, seated on an inverted flower-pot, was teaching Bingo to beg, her brother, standing at gaze beside her, chuckling with delight. "She seems quite bright to-day, and she has a bit of colour. I—could manage his keep—a little dog isn't much to feed. What with the scraps I've been keeping for the dustman's chickens—it made one feel one needn't give him so much at Christmas; still—but there's the licence."

"There's the licence—that's the point," said her husband, kissing her, according to his custom, before, having carefully wedged his head into his hat, after the manner of methodically-minded men, he went out to catch his daily tram.

About a fortnight later, when it had become quite evident that nobody was going to lay claim to the pseudo-Bingo, the father of the small family came home at middle day one Saturday with a pleased expression on his face and a piece of neatly folded paper in his hand.

"Well, Joanie girl, you can keep your bow-wow after all."

Joan looked up with great wondering eyes from the floor, where for the sake of convenience she had taken her seat, that she might plait the long hair on Bingo's ears. Gordon thumped her shoulder with his fat hand.

"Doanie dirl, 'oo tan teep 'oo bow-ow a-tall."

The mother of the small family, engaged in laying the cloth, paused and said, "What do you mean, John?" with an anxiety out of all proportion to the occasion. Her husband laughed as he put down a little heap of silver and a small gold coin upon the white cloth, and his face looked almost boyish, growing pink under her eyes.

"Well, you see, as soon as Bingo came and I saw how the kiddies liked him—I always thought no one would come for him, so I began to think about his licence. I've walked instead of tramming—it's been fine weather, you see—and I've saved something on my lunch—biscuits are quite enough, really—and with one thing and another I've done it, or, rather, I shall have by the end of next week; but in case of anyone kicking up a fuss about it I took it out now, on my way home."

"I thought you'd been eating more

THE LICENCE FOR BINGO

dinner lately," said his wife, and began to laugh too, rather tremulously.

"Aren't you glad?" The father of the small family looked expectantly for the respectful admiration always due from good wives.

"Very glad, my dear," said the mother of the small family, suddenly putting her arms around his neck, and, instead of duly kissing him, hiding her face against his handkerchief pocket.

"Only—only, to tell you

which very fortunately we are not called upon to decide.

When January came and the two licences disobligingly changed into so much waste paper, things had altered with the little family to an almost unbelievable degree. Superstitious people may perhaps declare



Drawn by
Victor Pratt.

"Her husband laughed as he put down a little heap of silver and a small gold coin upon the white cloth."

the truth, I should have been gladder if I hadn't bought one this morning myself!"

So the question of a licence for Bingo was for the time being settled; he, the stray, was to luxuriate for the space of six months, for it was July when he became one of the small family, in the proud possession of two, and could affect a Pekingese expression of superiority in front of any other dog in the neighbourhood. Whether the mutual admiration engendered by the incident in the parents of the small family was worth the sacrifices by which it was purchased is one of those psychological points

that Bingo was unlucky for them; I hold a very different view. Quite blamelessly the father of the small family lost his situation in the bread-and-butter shop, and the same depression in trade which had caused his dismissal kept the doors of all the other bread-and-butter shops shut against him, though he tried them with a persistence that grew almost frantic, refusing to believe the negatives of the fortunate ones inside. In the intervals of attempting to get work he addressed circulars at home, while the mother of the small family made children's garments for a shop, and, when they were pretty, held them up against Joan and

THE QUIVER

coveted them terribly. Somehow they lived ; somehow they paid the rent of the little house, though I am sorry to have to acknowledge a thing which would have made their landlord sorrier if he had known of it, that is, that after each quarter-day there were fewer goods and chattels in the little house than there had been before the father of the small family set out in the dark for certain evening strolls with a bulky package under his arm or, as happened once or twice, with a strange man helping him to carry two chairs or a table.

The proverbs about the length of lanes which have no turnings and the darkness of clouds that are argent-lined were nearly worn out by the use that the mother of the small family made of them in those days. It was not until Joan grew ill that the mother of the small family broke down at all, and then it was soon over, and she was smiling at her husband with wet, red eyes, and re-expatiating upon the pleasant fact that the great grey hospital to which they were taking her on out-patients' days was only a penny tram-fare away.

It was on one of these occasions that, a temporary lull having occurred in the addressed envelope trade, while children's garments were still going briskly, it was the father of the small family who, with a sinking heart, carried his little daughter back from the hospital to the tram. He sat her down on the seat beside him, and paid the big, red-faced conductor, who looked as though he ate at least two beefsteaks every day, while Joanie surveyed the other passengers with her big, serious eyes. She wore the little black satin coat and straw bonnet that had been her summer best, made warm enough by such a quantity of wrappings beneath that her small body looked exceedingly bulky for the thin legs dangling listlessly over the edge of the seat, yet her face with the fringe of fair curls peeping out from under the shabby bonnet suffered nothing from the bathos of simulated fatness, nor from the shawl wound so well about her throat as almost to seem to disconnect her head. Bingo, of course, was there, for it happened to be a kindly tram-line which was not above giving a lift to a small dog ; but his feet were muddy from paddling across the dirty streets, so he knew that he might not try to push on to his mistress's lap, and contented himself with snuggling

up as close as he could to her little feet in their shabby boots. He was not now quite such a dapper little dog as he had been of yore ; the family misfortunes had reduced his rations in common with those of his friends ; but his lean body was active and brisk, his brown eyes very intelligent and clear, and a lady in a fur coat who sat opposite to them even took her gloved hands out of her muff to snap her fingers to him. Bingo responded civilly, backing even harder against Joan's feet as he wagged his tail.

Joan's serious eyes met the lady's, which were extraordinarily pretty ones and, in spite of the fact that in every other way she was quite middle-aged, had the effect of making you fancy as soon as you noticed them that she was really very young.

"He's the cutest little dog. What's his name ?" said the furry lady.

"Bingo."

The dog wagged his tail, as he always did when any word was used even remotely resembling his cognomen. The lady with some difficulty leaned forward and patted his head.

"Is he your dog ?"

Joan nodded, caught in one of those fits of coughing which she bore with such a philosophical air of detachment, as though they had almost nothing to do with herself, her wide eyes, with their peculiar intentness, seeming to debate what the furry lady's character might be, and apparently on the whole approving of it, while her body was shaken to and fro by the spasm. The furry lady watched her with pretty pity, her father bent over her, holding her two thin hands in his, hiding her from the other passengers with his shoulder.

"Poor mite," said the furry lady, "I'd like to give her a lozenge, but I guess I haven't got one with me." She hunted in her hand-bag, while Bingo, balancing himself on his hind legs with a paw against the seat, sniffed to his mistress an expression of sympathy.

"Well, I do say ! Did you ever see such a cute little fellow ?" The furry lady's enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Joan struggled up until she sat forward in her seat.

"Would you like him," she asked, "for your very own ?"

"I shouldn't mind, but — I"

"Would you give him very nice things to

THE LICENCE FOR BINGO

eat? Perhaps a bone a day to make him happy, because he hasn't me—at least at first?"

"But don't you want him yourself, dearie?"

Joan's high voice made her reply very audible.

"It isn't that. I want him not to be hungry any more."

The furry lady looked at the father of the small family, and both grew red.

"I can't afford to renew his licence. He will have to be—got rid of. It would be a great relief if you gave him a home."

The father of the small family spoke in a faltering voice. He had never before in all his life done such a shameful and unrespectable thing as it seemed thus to reveal his poverty to a stranger in a tramcar. He was ashamed. The furry lady was conscious of wet eyes. She put her hand on Joan's knee.

"I'll take him, dearie, and I'll give him a real good time."

"Thank you," said Joan politely. She continued with the manner of one in authority: "His name is Bingo. He doesn't like it when you pull his tail. He snapped at my brother once 'cos of that. He's really very good. He doesn't care for fish, but he loves milk, and you'd better put your umb'ella through his collar, 'cos we're going to get out now."

She wriggled off the seat, bent over Bingo for a moment, then held her arms to her father to be picked up. The father of the small family looked at the furry lady, raised his hat with some diffculty, but more politeness, and carried his daughter home.

After that morning the name of Bingo was never mentioned in the small family; for in spite of Joan's brave, not to say self-congratulatory, account of the parting in the tramcar, and the land of plenty to which she had sent him, her mother found her crying in her cot that night, and lost at once her temporary

hope that Joan had really found the loss of her pet compensated by the knowledge that it was to his advantage.

Whether or no Bingo's advent had been lucky for the small family, from the day when he left to better himself, as the servants say, the gloom of the little house became a sadder, duller, less hopeful kind of gloom. The weather was bitterly cold, and Joan had often to be kept in bed out of the way of draughts and chills. She took her imprisonment with such a listless indifference that her mother more than once longed for the furry lady's address, that she might bring back Bingo and liveliness together, then remembered the matter of the licence, not to mention the many matters of the



"I've brought him back"—p. 582.

Drawn by
Victor Probst.

THE QUIVER

platter, and sadly acknowledged her small daughter's superior wisdom.

It was on a snowy, dull morning, when the father of the small family was away hunting envelopes and directories, that somebody played a rat-tat-tat on the still bright brass knocker on the front door of the little house. The mother of the small family, Gordon clinging to her skirts, rose reluctantly to answer the door. One or two local accounts, unpaid when the break had come in the small family's fortunes, were still owing; not to mention the school attendance officer, who, since the kindergarten had long been given up, might at any moment swoop down upon them; and the sound of the door-knocker was a thing of terror in the small family's ears. Through the glass part of the door she could discover a vast shape—vast, that is, in comparison with any member of the small family, filling the porch and preventing any light from getting into the hall. She opened the door tremblingly and found a lady, magnificent in furs, quite difficult to define or make up one's mind about, with muff and stole and other pieces of peltry coiled about her.

"I expect you're the little girl's mother, aren't you?"

The mother of the small family acknowledged the truth of the suggestion, and before she knew anything at all about what was happening the furry lady was in the hall, and she and Gordon swept back on to the threshold of the dining-room by the mightiness of her presence.

"The address," said the furry lady gruffly, accentuating the first syllable so much that the mother of the small family failed to understand at all what she was talking about—"the address was on his collar, so I brought him back. I tried to keep him—he's just the cutest little fellow—but he's kind of pining—wouldn't eat. I've no use for him dead, so I've brought him back, and I reckon I'll stand him a licence and he'll stay with the little girl."

Then did the astonished mother of the small family discover, as the furry lady undid some of her wrappings, a little brown face, two drooping ears, and a pair of intelligent eyes peeping out from among the furs—there was Bingo! She thought of Joan, and suddenly she began to cry.

"I'm—I'm afraid we can't even feed him!"

she said. "My husband has lost his berth, and Joanie is ill."

She had been very brave for a very long time, this mother of the small family; but now she had come to the end of her powers, and she certainly gave way very thoroughly that morning, though I doubt whether even then she quite made up for all that her self-control had kept hidden and unconfessed.

The furry lady put down Bingo, weak and uncertain on his legs, sniffing feebly the familiar, fondly-loved smell of the little house; gave her muff to Gordon, who stood too astonished even to cry, with the injunction to be a good boy and play with it; then she followed the mistress of the house into the dining-room, where that lady was crying with her face in her arms and her arms on a kitchen table. The furry lady's pretty eyes took in a great deal more at one glance round the room than the mother of the small family could have told her in quite a long conversation. She put her arm, in its warm fur sleeve, round the other's neck, and produced her own handkerchief.

"Now don't you just go fretting any more," she said. "I'm not a director of my late husband's company for the fun of the thing. I guess there's a better job waiting there for your husband than he ever thought about in his life before. As for the little girl, it's seaside and feeding up she wants. I'll make her so that you won't know her, you see. I've thought about it ever since I saw her in the tram."

"Ah, how good you are," said the mother of the small family, crying now because she was so glad. "I think you must be an angel."

The furry lady looked down at herself and shook her head.

"Not much angel about me, my dear. It's nothing that anybody wouldn't do if they knew, only your sort never tells, I reckon. I wouldn't have found out now, see, if it hadn't been for Bingo."

Suddenly, from the floor above—and sounds come through floors wonderfully in the house of the small family—came a whine, then a bark, then the sound of feet pattering on bare boards, then Joan's voice, as it had not been heard for many a long day, ringing through the little house, "Bingo, dear! Ah, Bingo! Bingo!"

THE GOLD AMONG THE GREY

No. 5 in the Series "My Life, and How I Face It"

By AN ELEMENTARY TEACHER

"To my mind it is the noblest profession on earth." These confessions will be read with great interest, not only by elementary teachers but by all my readers.

FOR forty years I have been an elementary school teacher, and could I be sure of unflinching health and powers, I would be quite content to continue for another forty. To my mind it is the noblest profession on earth. No other deals so with actual living material as we.

The sculptor takes his block of marble and carves out a perfect figure, but it is dead, lifeless. The ancients believed that the god was embedded in the marble, and only needed cutting out. We have really to carve out the angel, as Robert Browning says, "A god and the germ" to develop. A brute to conquer too.

Holy Ground

Unfortunately, the full gravity and responsibility of my work did not dawn upon me until many years had been spent in the service of youth. When one is at the foot of the hill of life one's horizon is limited. The pleasures at our feet keep our eyes from the summits. Now I am old and can see more, I feel like taking the shoes from off my feet as I enter my schoolroom. There are such personalities to unfold, such nascent possibilities to develop.

I began my career by serving four years' apprenticeship in a large girls' school in an important Midland manufacturing town, teaching all day and studying for my examinations in the evening. No Pupil Teachers' Centres in those days! School began for us at 8 a.m., when we literally recited our lessons to the head mistress; then, at nine, came the actual charge of a class, sometimes numbering sixty and even over.

Results were gauged by the percentage of passes, and grants were based on those percentages, so that individuality was swamped, and automatic machines, capable of getting four sums right and no

mistakes in dictation, were turned out in swarms each year. That, then, was our ideal. Thank God, I have lived to see "Payment by Results" abolished, and a saner, wider outlook substituted.

The study of psychology was in its infancy. While we were encouraged to attend classes in method, logic, none was ever arranged for the purpose of enabling us to enter into the child mind and teaching us the value of Mental Suggestion, the power of the "do" over the "don't."

It was hardly to be wondered at that school meant 9.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., and no more. Once or twice I remember receiving disturbing ideas that perhaps there was more in my work than I was actually looking for, but to be young was very heaven, and the joy of life swamped those uneasy feelings.

Practising a Sneer

I remember meeting a girl of seventeen, four years my junior, who had been one of my pupils, and finding that she had a very ugly sneer. On my commenting on this, I was told that she had learnt it from me. It seems I used to punish bad work by sarcastic comments, and on the way home these girls of fourteen would practise my sneer! That taught me that I was teaching *unconsciously* just as thoroughly as consciously.

On the completion of my apprenticeship I did not go to College. There were fewer opportunities then, and, as I was engaged to be married, I decided it was unnecessary.

Some spirit of wisdom prompted me, however, to obtain my certificate as an Acting Teacher, for "one never knows what may happen." As I lightly and carelessly said those words, I little thought that certificate would come to mean independence, not only of life but of spirit.

THE QUIVER

My engagement was of the happiest, and I looked forward to a complete union with the man I loved. The deeps of my nature were at last stirred, and, because life was so overflowing for me, I wanted to share of my fullness with everybody. I plunged into Christian work. My days weren't long enough, and to spend a third of my life in sleep seemed sad waste.

A little jar in my school life made me seek a change, and I got my first school in Slowville. The pride of feeling myself mistress, the longing I had to realise some of my ideals—ideals of womanhood, strengthened by the knowledge that I was loved—and to try to inculcate and enthuse my girls with these, robbed our separation of its poignancy. In six months we should be together again, and, meantime, a beneficent penny post would minister to our needs.

The Queendom of Womanhood

I can see myself now, entering my own school for the first time, very shy inwardly, yet determined by the help of God to give those girls something which would make life beautiful in the highest sense. Ruskin and Carlyle were my favourite authors, and "Queens you must always be" was to be my message to them.

My first Inspector occupies a very special niche in my memory. "Go on, you are doing well!" What woman wouldn't or couldn't go on trying to do well with that encouragement ringing in her ears. I was enthused afresh.

The school was an ordinary elementary school in the eyes of the world, and I learned for the first time that I was *merely* an elementary teacher. In the large Midland town which was my home I had had my own circle of friends, and the question of status had never arisen. But I found in Slowville that between me and the Service was a great gulf which not even the Church could bridge. I might have for friends the few tradespeople in the place, or the artisans and their wives. Here, lest I be sadly misunderstood, I must say that the worldly position of these people did not matter to me one bit. But as education was in a very backward condition, and as we were far away from any industrial

centre, it can easily be surmised that I could receive very little mental stimulus from them, and that the only people from whom I might have gained perhaps much intellectually refused to know the person.

I smile now as I remember the indignation which filled me as I realised it wasn't really *me* they were belittling, but my profession. Surely, if teaching is noble work, then the noblest branch of it must be that which takes the poorest, and they who have no helper, to train into God-fearing citizens, the only real wealth either in this world or the next.

"Religious Instruction"

And here I am tempted to make another digression. Many battles have been fought over the vexed question of "religious instruction" in schools, but what a *misnomer* it is! In the large school where I served my apprenticeship, a Scripture syllabus was provided, and examinations were held each year. I do not care to dwell on the number of Bible-hating women we must have turned out. I have heard my girls say many a time: "Scripture again! I hate Scripture!" And no wonder. At seventeen I had to teach I. and II. Kings and the Gospel of John so thoroughly that the girls were competent to answer such questions as:

"By whom, and under what circumstances, were the following words spoken?"

"(1) 'Alas, master! for it was borrowed.'"

"(2) 'Thy servant went no whither.'"

"(3) 'Hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy?'"

We had neither time nor inclination then to dwell on any beauties—moral, spiritual or literary. The examiners were those dread beings, School Board Inspectors—far more the arbiters of our fate than any Government Inspector.

Where was the religion in all this? Besides, even supposing that it had been instruction in religion, who was to give it, and which? In one school the staff consisted of a Unitarian head mistress, and assistants belonging to Anglican, Roman Catholic, Labour Church, and Nonconformists.

I rejoice to-day that I have time and opportunity to teach the evils of lying.

THE GOLD AMONG THE GREY

stealing, etc., without worrying over who followed Ahab.

Although I was happy in my work, that first six months seemed as though it would never pass; I was so lonely. Away from home, for the first time living in lodgings, no friends, no social events—musical, dramatic or literary—to enliven the evenings, and no library, nothing but the anticipation of the reunion with the ones I loved.

At last my holiday arrived, and I flew home. How good it was to be *wanted*, and how the noise of a large family was grateful to my ears after the deadening solitude of two rooms! No cloud dimmed my horizon, and yet out of the blue untroubled skies fell a bolt which threatened to wreck all my happiness.

Love—and Money

Jack and I were indulging in a little affectionate banter, and he was teasing me on the duties of wives, when all at once a little remark, uttered smilingly, pulled me up with a catch at my heart! "*But the money would be mine*," he said. I can only put my sensations down to the instinct of self-preservation. I had never heard the question mentioned between my parents; indeed, for them, there *was* no question—they were so much *one*. All my light-heartedness seemed to have been wiped away by something malignant, though I kept up the same spirit of banter, and replied: "But if I were yours, wouldn't what was yours be mine?" I think his love for me quickened his insight, for, casting aside all banter, he said slowly: "But I should be the one to earn it, shouldn't I?" I felt this question must be settled then and for all time. He was the only son of his mother, and as she had an annuity enough for her needs, the matter of finance had never arisen between them. But I *had* to know. Where was the union between husband and wife if the purse were to come between? And I felt, accustomed as I had been to earn my own living, that if he took me, it must be with my independent spirit, and not a maimed creature. I loved him enough to deny myself to any extent if need be, but it must be *my* own denying, and not his.

Well, we talked it out, and I found him

worthy of my highest love. It was simply that the woman's side of the matter had never been presented to him, but when once it had, then his own strong sense of justice asserted itself. "Why, *chérie*," he said, "of course I see the humiliation of it. I'd never seen it in that light. You and I are going to be just an ideal two, God helping us, aren't we?" I couldn't speak for love and thankfulness.

That holiday it was decided I should just finish my one year at school, and then the following Easter we proposed to be together for always.

Nothing happened to mar my life; the work at school went on smoothly under the inspiration of H.M. Inspector's visit, and the time flew by all too quickly.

Preparing for the Wedding

My resignation was sent in and accepted, and only then did I find the School Board had really appreciated my efforts. School Boards had then a little way of keeping back their alabaster boxes of ointment until almost too late. Not that it mattered then. Nothing did! I was plunged into the business of learning housekeeping, cooking, needlework and all the other things attendant on being married. Jack had been offered a post in another bank, which meant, besides promotion, a removal. So he was going to find a house and furnish it. We had both discussed our home so many times, and what we should have, that he said he knew exactly what I liked, and that I could leave that to him, which I was only too pleased to do, as I had enough to see to without that. I was not to see my new home until I took full possession of it as a wife.

Looking back on that time, over thirty years ago, it doesn't seem that that happy, light-hearted girl, getting ready so gaily and thankfully, could have been me. Without any premonition, with no hint or warning, the blow fell which left me bereft of lover, hope—and, for a long time, even of God. Like ships that pass in the night, so we two had passed for ever out of one another's lives, and where once there had been light and sound, now all was "silence again, and a darkness." All the background was taken out of my life, and it all appeared a formless void.

THE QUIVER

My one desire was to get away from home, and my late managers, hearing of the tragedy which had engulfed my life, wrote, offering me my old school, as they had not been able to get a permanent head teacher, and the one who was acting as supply would be only too pleased to be released.

As the oyster covers up with the layer of pearly covering the tiny grit of sand which renders him uncomfortable, so I tried to cover up my grief by a spirit of hardness and a gaiety I was far from feeling. For one thing, my people rejoiced to know I was "getting over it," and so could think of me with comfort; for another, I was too proud to desire pity. The responsibility I felt was God's, and though I couldn't form prayers, yet behind all the blackness I knew there was a Moulding Hand at work.

In the Wilderness

For seven long years I was in this wilderness, then I emerged, able at last to look my life in the face, and smile into God's, feeling perfectly sure that

"There never shall be one lost good!

What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

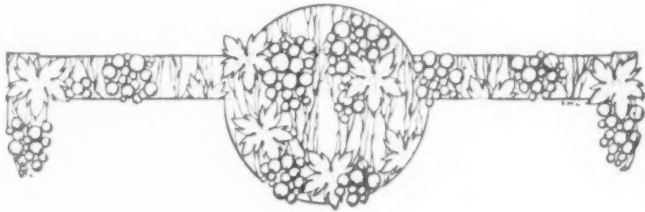
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

So I found my "C major of this life," which is "Our times are in His Hand," and happiness came home to my heart again. Not that I haven't had any griefs since. I did not realise that my loss meant loss of children too, and my arms have ached for my own downy heads to nestle there. That is a grief I shall always keep, and though I try to comfort myself

by saying God has given me one hundred and fifty of His bairns to mother, yet the comfort fails, and I can only leave it with Him, and do what I am able to make other lives brighter.

And how work amongst children pays! Sometimes I get angry when I realise the futilities of our elementary system of education. Here, in this little place, no cookery is taught to the girls, or housewifery of any kind, and tales are told me by mistresses who have engaged day girls of their ignorance of the most elementary matters. Then, too, they are allowed to leave at thirteen, with no more chance of improving themselves after.

I have tried to do what I could, but as most of the girls are at work from 8 or 9 a.m. to 6 or 7 p.m., perhaps even later, they naturally do not wish for more work, but for relaxation. And this they get by frequenting the Picture House, which too often is the reverse of elevating. There is a good time coming, of that I am sure, when stumbling-blocks shall all be removed from the feet of these little ones; when light, air and freedom to stretch their limbs shall be the birthright of every child, whether attending a secondary or elementary school; when well-nourished bodies, decently clothed, shall sit on our benches; when Education Committees shall exist as *Education* Committees; when education shall not cease at thirteen; when what is possible in large towns shall be equally possible in small; when education shall not only fit the young for their environment, but create an ever nobler one. All around are signs of a great awakening, an awakening which has been going on all my life, and though slow, yet it is sure, because the Hand of the Lord is behind it. For enclosed in that Hand lie all His little ones.



CORRODING GOLD

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

The Rodneys live in suburban style at Denmark Hill when the amazing event that is to alter their whole lives bursts upon them—an almost unknown Australian relative leaves a huge fortune to Mrs. Rodney. Cyrus Rodney, the head of the household, is perhaps the most unaffected, but Mrs. Rodney goes to see Lady Hatherley, who—on terms—undertakes to arrange their entry into the social world. Cyril, the elder son, throws over his fiancée, Carrie Bygrave—a girl with twice his intellect, but of a humble family. Estelle gives up her teaching appointment, and Kathleen, who has been private secretary to a literary lady, Mrs. Dyner, is carried along in the whirl, to the disappointment of honest John Glide, her father's apprentice in the City Road. Jack, the younger son, is to sail for Australia, to take control of the sheep-run that produced the fortune. The family leave Denmark Hill and take on a large town house in the West End. Their opening party is a brilliant affair, though Estelle and her father feel very much out of place. Lady Hatherley's schemes are not limited to running the Rodneys socially, but include a match between her brother, the Hon. Edward Charters, and Kathleen. The Hon. Edward enters the lists with spirit, although he has a sort of connection with another young lady—Miss Anna Helder—who is by no means willing to be left out of the programme.

CHAPTER XIII

OFF TO AUSTRALIA

ON Friday of the following week Mr. Rodney and Jack sailed in the *Orolava* from Tilbury Dock, and the whole family went down to see them off.

The lad had been buoyed up all these months by the alluring prospect of the voyage and of the splendour of the life to which he was going. But on board the boat, when parting from his mother, he became a little child again, clinging to her and crying just as he had done in his pinafore days.

To her little children Mrs. Rodney had ever been the best of mothers, displaying towards those positively and wholly dependent on her loving care a depth of tenderness which those who knew only her activities would hardly have deemed possible.

"Mummy, mummy," said the sobbing boy, "I don't want to go—at least, not without you! Do come! Let father go down and tell the captain to get cabins ready. Chuck everything! Este can run the show till you get back."

Mrs. Rodney was visibly shaken. She was quite pale, and the tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the expensive costume.

which was eminently suitable to the occasion and in which she looked almost as young as her daughters.

"Darling, I can't. You'll have daddy, and the moment you don't like it or are so horribly home-sick that you can't bear it, just come right home."

"Can I?" he asked, his face brightening and himself already secretly ashamed of his breakdown.

"Why, of course. We're not driving you to Australia. You were just wild to go."

"I do want to go, but—but—I wish everybody could come. Anyway, I've got father. Don't tell them I've been such a kid, mummy," he added shamefacedly.

"Of course I won't," she said, with a reassuring look, smiling, and patting his back.

"And, mummy——"

The boyish face, which had still the sweetness of the child-heart stamped on it, became oddly wistful.

"Yes, darling?"

"Don't—don't go on getting more and more—you know! It isn't like old times. Nobody likes it. Get into the country when father comes back. He'd be a lot happier there, and so would everybody."

This little interlude occurred at some dis-

THE QUIVER

tance from the rest of the party, and even as Jack spoke he moved off, as if frightened at his own temerity.

His mother was not, therefore, committed to any reply; but these words came back to her often after the ocean had rolled between her and the boy, whose clear vision had already pierced the hollowness of the life she had chosen.

It was, on the whole, a trying hour on board the *Orotava*, and the middle-class elderly husband and wife, who had never before been parted for more than a day or two in the whole course of their married lives, were frankly dismayed at the prospect of being separated for the next six months.

While they were talking a trifle brokenly to each other out of hearing of the children, a lithe figure came quickly across the deck, and John Glide strode up to Jack.

The boy's face became radiant at sight of him.

"Good old John, so you did get away! I'm most awfully glad to see you."

"I missed the boat-train, and was in a mortal funk in case I shouldn't get here in time," answered John, quite breathless. "The chap who was to mind the shop was over an hour late, and I had to leave him without a word of instruction. But I'm jolly glad to get here in time. Grand boat, isn't it? How do you do, Miss Rodney?"

"Not at home—but Estelle is," answered Estelle, as she gave him her frank, kind hand.

Kathleen, rosy-red and hating herself for the flush she could not keep back, recognised him much more coolly, not even offering her hand, greatly to the indignation of Jack.

Immediately she moved off towards her father and mother. Her action was misunderstood by all the three whom she left. They thought her unkind, whereas she was only not sure of herself.

The sight of John's face, the swift, somewhat sad glance of his deep-set eyes, his whole personality, disturbed Kathleen. She had not seen him for six months, and she was annoyed to find that she could not be altogether indifferent to his presence.

"Mother, that is John Glide back there, come to say good-bye to Jack."

Mrs. Rodney's face momentarily hardened, but she immediately reproached herself. After all, that could not do any possible harm, and she must not be unreasonable. Yet she thought it injudicious

of John Glide, even a trifle presumptuous, to appear on the scene. Except on the evening of the day when the first intimation of her accession to her brother's fortune had come, she had not seen him since the great change. After a moment's consideration, she moved towards him with something of the *grande dame* air, and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Glide? I hope you are quite well."

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Rodney."

"We haven't seen you for a long time. I hope business is good," she pursued graciously, determined to do her whole duty without flinching.

"Business is very good, thank you, Mrs. Rodney," said John.

Then he stepped back with evident relief and undisguised joy to receive the warm greeting of his old employer and friend.

"Now, John, this is good of you! I take it as very kind—we all do. Just look at Jack's face! He won't forget you, John, you may be sure of that!"

"I'll take care he doesn't, sir," answered John a trifle thickly. "I mean to keep him up to the mark in writing."

"Come here, John. I've oceans of things to say to you," called Jack; and, linking his arm in Glide's, he bore him away to the side of the ship out of everybody's hearing.

"That's a ridiculous attachment of Jack's for John Glide," said his mother stiffly, "but I suppose boys must make a hero of somebody. It's one of the phases they must go through."

"Few have a more excellent ideal, mother," said Cyrus Rodney rather warmly. "Everybody who knows John has the utmost respect for him. It quite warmed my heart the other day at the City Road to hear old Tregellis, of the Wood Street firm, talking about him. They'll give him unlimited credit—only he doesn't want it! But that's the test of a man in business. They all believe in John Glide and in his ultimate success."

"He's better-looking than he was six months ago," said Estelle critically. "Being on his own has made more of a man of him than ever."

The conversation by the rail between John Glide and Jack continued with unremitting fervour until the signal was given for those going on shore to leave the ship.

A few more poignant good-byes, and those staying behind were hustled on board

CORRODING GOLD



"Now there's just you and me, and we're going to have the rippingest time, ain't we, dad?"

Drawn by
G. E. Brock.

the tender and steamed off, waving hands and handkerchiefs. Jack, quietly sobbing, but trying to keep a brave front, kept on waving until they were out of sight.

"Thank goodness that's over, dad!" he said when he turned away. "Now there's just you and me, and we're going to have the rippingest time, ain't we, dad?"

"We are, my son," answered Rodney, smiling, and so the great adventure began.

Cyril, it may be said, having important engagements in town, was not of the party who had come to see his father and Jack off.

But Jack had very little use for his brother in these days, and, in his young soul, he frankly despised him, jeering openly at him as being a "nut," a "dude," a "masher," and all the varied types which come under such slang phrases as these.

Cyril had done his best to squash the "young cub," as he called him, but Jack was like a rubber ball, bounding up after every onslaught. They had parted civilly, however, if a trifle coolly, and on the whole

Jack was relieved not to have seen Cyril at the final moment of parting.

The Rodneys, of course, now travelled first-class on all railways; therefore at the station John Glide raised his hat politely and said he would find his own part of the train.

Mrs. Rodney nodded graciously and with relief, but she did not offer her hand. Kathleen did not so much as look at him.

Estelle took the line of resistance.

"If you don't mind, mother, I think I'll go in with John. I have heaps of things to say to him, and all the old City Road folk to hear about."

Mrs. Rodney looked as if she wished peremptorily to forbid such a step.

"It's very unconventional, Estelle. No nice girl would think of doing such a thing. Besides, anyone might see you."

"And if they did, mother," answered Estelle with great good-humour, "John is perfectly presentable. I can take care of myself, I believe. I'm off—"

Afraid of any altercation on the station

THE QUIVER

platform, she moved down the long train until she found John alone in his compartment.

"May I come in? I want to talk to you, John. I hope we shall have some luck and get the half-hour alone. There are not so very many people taking the train."

John looked immensely gratified, and sprang to open the door.

"I'll give the guard a tip," he said in a pleased, rather uplifted voice.

"I don't think you need. Everybody seems to be in. I'm afraid you must have scowled horribly at them to keep them out!"

She smiled as she stepped into the compartment, the door was closed, and next minute the whistle blew.

Estelle was looking her best in a coat and skirt of fine blue serge, a pretty hat with Mercury wings, and with a good deal of white about the throat.

She always dressed quietly, and her serviceable skirt cleared the ground; while Kathleen's sweeping folds had to be gripped in one hand to keep them from soil.

John Glide had a great regard for Estelle Rodney, whom he considered a splendid woman. But it was Kathleen who had wakened all the passion of his manhood, and whom he now regarded as a remote and inaccessible star. Yet it cheered his sore heart that Estelle should, of her own free will, have come to him like this, just for a talk over old times.

"Jack's in good form—a bit hipped, but that'll pass," he said cheerfully.

"I was surprised that he felt the parting so much. He has simply been counting the hours until to-day," Estelle answered.

"I am glad he showed it. He's a splendid little chap, and he is going to do great things out there. I've seen a good deal of him lately at the City Road, and Jack's all right, Miss Rodney. I'm looking for a big future for him."

"He's very clever, John—far more clever than Cyril," said Estelle promptly. "I can't help feeling sorry that he didn't go to Oxford and take his degree."

"It's the outdoor life he hankers for," put in Glide quickly.

"Yes, but so do all boys, and that could have come later. However, there isn't any use worrying about it now. I believe I'm a sort of fatalist, John, just lately. Things seem inevitable, somehow. One has just to go through with them."

"Ah, but one has always the power of the will," said Glide quickly. "Fatalism is a policy of drift, which couldn't be good for anybody to pursue. And I don't believe you are a fatalist, Miss Rodney. Why, fatalism is opposed to all your ideas, even to your very nature. You have always been so splendid in everything you did."

"Ah, but everything has changed," she said, with a slight sigh. "Would it surprise you very much, John, to hear that, though I seemed to have got rather desperate at Romsey Road just before I resigned my post, there are heaps of days when I would give almost anything to get back there."

"It wouldn't surprise me in the least. You are not cut out for the idle life."

Estelle smiled.

"Oh, but we are not idle at all—we work like galley-slaves from morning till night, and we never have a moment to ourselves! It's the lack of privacy I hate worst of all. We are always among tribes of people whom, if we don't hate, at least we haven't the remotest interest in. But I shouldn't say 'we,' because I believe that mother and Kathie like it quite well."

Glide made no answer, for he did not care to pass any opinion on a kind of life that he could only dimly comprehend.

"I have been so sorry for poor father all along," continued Estelle, "and I am sure that this little break will do him good. Perhaps by the time he comes back mother will have had enough of fashionable London life and be willing to go to the country to live. I'm sure I hope so."

"I suppose you go to a great many parties," said John vaguely, rather thirsting for details regarding the vortex which had swept Kathleen for ever out of his reach; "balls and dinners, and things like that?"

"We go to something every night," answered Estelle.

"But what I can't understand is how you got to know so many people in such a short time," said John in a puzzled voice.

"Oh, we don't know them in the sense that people in Denmark Hill or at Ebenezer knew one another. We are all just like ships that pass in the night. Mother got to know a woman called Lady Hatherley, who is acquainted with most of the fashionable people, and she got them to come to a party, and to call, and to ask us back."

"I suppose that was very kind of her, and she must have taken a fancy to you all."

Estelle shook her head.

CORRODING GOLD

"There was neither kindness nor fancy about it, John. Mother pays her for it, I believe—for every single thing she does!"

Glide looked more and more puzzled.

"But I don't understand. A grand lady like that surely wouldn't take payment in money!"

"Oh, wouldn't she? She's very poor, and, so far as I can make out, she hasn't any pride of that sort, though I don't suppose she would walk in the same street with us if we were still the Rodneys of Denmark Hill."

Suddenly Estelle leaned forward and looked intently into the fine, strong face opposite to her.

"John, you seem like one of us yet. Anyway, you were one of us in the old days, so I am sure I can speak freely to you. I feel most awfully worried about a lot of things—most of all about mother and Lady Hatherley. It is Lady Hatherley who is the mistress of our house, and mother simply does what she tells her. It is hateful, and you have no idea how unhappy I am about it all."

John looked sympathetic enough, but he was wholly at a loss what to say in reply.

Estelle seemed to hesitate a moment, regarding him anxiously as if she wished to say something else, but was deterred by a secret fear either of wounding him or of being indiscreet.

"Lady Hatherley has a brother—the Hon. Edward Charters—who comes a great deal to our house. He admires Kathleen, and I am nearly certain that Lady Hatherley has made up her mind that they will marry," she said at last.

"Well, and wouldn't that please your mother?" asked John dully.

"It might. I suppose it would, though he is very poor and has a secretarial post of some kind, where he earns very little money. I shouldn't mind that so much, but I don't like him, John. I'm nearly certain he isn't a good man. Don't you think one knows such things intuitively?"

"I suppose so," he answered heavily. "I am sorry you feel anxious about it. We want Kathleen to be happy, don't we? That, above everything, is our desire for her."

The simple sincerity with which Glide spoke touched Estelle inexpressibly. She was perfectly aware that he had not forgotten Kathleen or grown cold to her, and his unselfishness seemed sublime. Yet it irritated her, too. At the back of her mind

she even wondered whether, had John Glide been a bolder lover, he might not have won and kept Kathleen in the face of all opposition. He had simply stood aside, and almost she could have called him to task for it.

"Fact is, John, we were really all a great deal happier in the old days at The Laurels, when we had each our work and all our different interests, and when home was the centre of everything. Even mother doesn't look happy, though she imagines she is. She lives in a perfect fever, and she is always wondering what will happen next. And as for the money, I am sure it is being spilt like water. I don't believe for a moment that we are living on its interest alone."

"Perhaps Mrs. Rodney will get tired of it all after she has had a little more of it," suggested Glide, trying to comfort Estelle.

She shook her head.

"I don't think so. You see, there is always something fresh coming on. Lady Hatherley is going to present Kathleen at the June Court, and mother is paying for her Court gown—Lady Hatherley's, I mean. She is getting her own gown and Kathleen's at her dressmaker's."

"And don't you go too?" asked Glide with interest.

"No; I don't want to—at least, not just now. In fact, John, I'm a sort of Jonah. I'm not at home in Hans Crescent, and I'm just casting about in my mind what I could do to take me out of it. Could you suggest anything?"

"There isn't anything a rich woman in your position can do except work among the poor—social work of some kind."

"Well, where could I get it? I have even thought of going to the Salvation Army or the Church Army and offering my services for so many days in the week. I simply must have an object in life."

"There's a Mission not far from the City Road," said John hesitatingly. "It's in Whiterider Street. It's run by a chap I know, named Hardress. There are all sorts of things going on there—clubs for boys and girls, sewing classes, and classes for drill and cookery. They are always needing fresh helpers. I go down three nights a week to the Boys' Brigade. It's awfully interesting work."

"I am sure it must be. Do you think they would take me as a helper?"

"I am sure they would; but it's run by the Wesleyans. I hear that you have

THE QUIVER

become Church people since you went to the West End."

"I don't care who runs it. Will you speak to Mr. Hardress about me? Is there a Mrs. Hardress?"

"Yes. She's charming, and works terribly hard; but just at present she has a new baby and can't come. Hardress would be most awfully glad if you would come and lend a hand. It will be a year, I believe, before Mrs. Hardress can come back to work among the girls, if she ever can."

"Ask him, then, John. And if he writes and makes an appointment, I'll come down one night."

"Bygrave comes down occasionally. He likes Hardress. Though he professes himself outside any church, he thinks the work of Hardress is really of the right sort."

Estelle looked deeply interested, but presently she changed the subject.

"How are you getting on in City Road, John? Do you think you'll be able to make anything out of the old business?"

"Yes, I do. It's growing. I'm opening a new department for ladies' things in the autumn, and I'm hoping big things from it. I'm sure it'll pay."

"I hope it will. It pleased father so much to think that strangers didn't get the old place."

"What I should like would be to get the whole place, Estelle," said Glide, with a touch of the old boyish enthusiasm. "I want to turn all these warehousemen out of the old house and to furnish it and live in it. It's a beautiful house, and, in my opinion, The Laurels never came up to it!"

"I rather agree with you. Well, I hope you'll get your heart's desire, John. Anyway, it'll make you happy to work for it. I've got nothing to work for—worse luck! Why, here we are!"

The train ran smoothly into Fenchurch Street, and their talk came to an abrupt end. It had oddly comforted them both. Glide did not linger at the station. He simply lifted his hat and walked off quickly. He had no mind to court any further snub from Mrs. Rodney, and it was nothing short of misery for him to be near Kathleen.

"I hope you enjoyed going back to the travelling third, Estelle," said Kathleen, when they were seated in the luxurious motor,

which was their mother's latest extravagance.

"Yes, I did—at least, I enjoyed John Glide," answered Estelle shortly. "I think you might have showed him a little more civility. I can't think how you could look at him as you did!"

"He was not very civil to me," said Kathleen pettishly. "Was he, mum?"

"John Glide's civility is a matter of no importance, child," replied Mrs. Rodney, with great dignity. "I'm glad he showed some little sense of the fitness of things. As for you, Estelle, I think it was simply atrocious to pursue a man like him into his compartment. Most unmaidenly and forward I call it."

Estelle burst out laughing.

"Oh, mother, remember it is John whom you are talking about! Many a time I have heard you speak of him as your third son."

Mrs. Rodney, unable to deny that she had done so, shut her lips tightly together and relapsed into silence.

Suddenly Kathleen spoke.

"Mother, this is Mrs. Dyer's 'At Home' day. Shall we go to St. John's Wood? If Estelle doesn't want to go in, the car can take her home and come back for us."

"Mrs. Dyer's 'At Home'? Let me see. Have we anything else on? No; I don't think we have. Yes. We can go round that way. Just pull the cord, dear, and give William his directions."

CHAPTER XIV

MRS. DYNER'S CIRCLE

MRS. DYNER'S tiny house was full to overflowing. Once through the covered way and into the little hall, the Rodneys wondered whether they would ever reach their hostess. Estelle, who had never been there before, looked the surprise she felt.

"It's always like this," whispered Kathleen excitedly, while her eyes roamed about with a sort of quick proprietary interest. "Why, everybody is here—just everybody! Do you see that woman with the black toque and the white boa? That's Mrs. Soames who wrote 'Deva-station.' And the man she is talking to is Carfrae the dramatist. And look—do you see that long, thin man near the door? That's Giffard—Anthony Giffard—don't you know? How I wish we could get in!"

CORRODING GOLD

Kathleen's eyes were more than proprietary as they restlessly wandered across the faces of the crowd. They were critical. Once it had been her duty and pride to help in all these arrangements; now the hands of somebody else were responsible. She noticed, almost with a pang, that there was dust on the armour hanging on the walls, and that half of the receptacles for flowers were empty.

"I wonder whether Clare Hatherley will be here," said Mrs. Rodney in a loud whisper, which was overheard by the Hon. Edward Charters, who happened to come in behind her.

"She's coming," he said, loud enough for her to hear, and immediately Kathleen's face flushed deeply.

But she did not look round. That quick flush was a troublesome habit of hers, and had given people occasion for talk when there was, in actual fact, no such occasion. Even when in Mrs. Dyner's service she had often been guilty of it.

Mrs. Rodney managed to turn round with a beaming smile.

"Ah, Mr. Charters, so glad to see you! I'm afraid we shall not know many here. Can you get us through to your aunt?"

The words were overheard, of course, by sundry lesser lights in the neighbourhood, and several pairs of eyes immediately fixed themselves with interest on the Rodney trio. The story of their fortune, much enlarged and embroidered, had already made a good deal of talk in Mrs. Dyner's circle, where money, as a rule, was a very scarce commodity.

But surely never was the lack of it so philosophically, even joyously, borne. The pleasant hum of voices, the bursts of laughter, the gay flashes of wit to be heard in every corner, belonged to the lightest-hearted crowd in the world. Yet within these narrow walls that summer afternoon was to be found most of the tragedy of human experience—heartburnings, jealousies, vanquished hopes, and



"John, I feel most awfully worried about a lot of things!"—p. 591.

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

THE QUIVER

disillusionment—side by side with the success which comes none knows whence, and which goes as easily and as soon.

Estelle immediately became conscious of an immense and vivid interest, unlike anything she had ever before experienced.

It was as if her soul had suddenly found itself at home.

For some reason or other Estelle had never been introduced to Mrs. Dyner, nor had she ever come within her house. It was not from any intentional neglect on Kathleen's part that this was so, but simply because no opportunity had offered. While she was Mrs. Dyner's secretary and Estelle a school teacher, their respective positions had made Mrs. Dyner's acquaintance or friendship something of a favour.

But now all that was changed. Mrs. Rodney, who had once been an awe-stricken guest at one of the famous Friday afternoons, was now, if her own mind had been clearly represented, a patron of the arts. Mrs. Dyner, though "well connected"—a phrase very often on Mrs. Rodney's lips in these days—earned a precarious livelihood by the use of her pen, and could not by any chance be considered an asset socially.

They moved on slowly, and, by some skilful engineering, Charters managed to get near enough to Kathleen to whisper, "Now, this is the best bit of luck I've had in a day's march! I came here to see you, and for nothing else."

"How can you say that," asked Kathleen saucily, "seeing that you hadn't the ghost of an idea that we'd be coming? We thought of it only as we came back from Fenchurch Street in the car."

"Why Fenchurch Street?" inquired Charters, in apparent surprise.

"Have you forgotten? We saw father and Jack off to Australia this afternoon. To get back from Tilbury there must be Fenchurch Street."

"Right-o! Just let this crowd pass by a bit and then I'll get you some tea. Aunt Julia will be on her throne somewhere, I don't doubt. She's got nobody to relieve her or to engineer this horrid show—hence the confusion. But it's the work of your hands, all the same, because at the beginning they all came to catch a glimpse of you."

"How can you say such outrageous things?" said Kathleen spiritedly. "Why, this 'horrid show'—as you so disrespect-

fully call it—was in existence long before I appeared on the scene; and the crowd to-day proves that it is dear Mrs. Dyner they come to see, and nobody else. Mother, if we go through the green door ahead, we can get through the study to Mrs. Dyner in the drawing-room."

The long arm of Charters was instantly stretched out to push open the green baize door, and they all passed through.

The little study where Kathleen had spent so many happy days was at the back of the house and opened on the garden, communicating by folding-doors with the equally small drawing-room, where Mrs. Dyner, in her high-backed chair, was holding court.

Her face beamed at sight of Kathleen, and she beckoned to her energetically to come to her side. Presently they succeeded in reaching her, and a very affectionate greeting passed.

Estelle had lingered behind in the study, observing that there were a good many people in the garden in addition to those who were sitting on the veranda, which was one of the charms of the house, and quite suddenly she saw, standing alone under a tree, the figure of Eugene Woods. She was much surprised, and, without a second thought, she passed quickly into the open to speak to him.

His face flushed when he saw her, and he came forward swiftly, his tall, slight figure seeming to vibrate with eagerness.

"How do you do, Eugene?" said Estelle, in a perfectly natural voice, and almost as if they had met yesterday. "I am surprised to see you here. I did not know that you knew Mrs. Dyner."

"I didn't, until to-day. Giffard brought me—Giffard the novelist—you know. He's been most awfully good to me lately."

"Has he?" she asked interestedly. "How did you get to know him?"

"Through a little thing that I wrote and that appeared in the *Pall Mall*. He wrote to me in a most kindly way, and asked me to come to see him in his chambers in Adelphi. That was an epoch, Estelle—I mean Miss Rodney. I suppose I mustn't call you Estelle now."

"Why not? I'm the same woman, Eugene. Let us go and sit down under the tree. I want to hear ever so many things about Denmark Hill. Do you ever see any of the old crowd?"

"Only the Bygraves. I'm afraid I don't

CORRODING GOLD

go much to Ebenezer since you left. I saw Dick last night. He was asking whether I ever saw any of you."

Estelle turned her head away, and Woods, all unconscious of her confusion, meandered on.

"Dick's in a bad way. He seems to have got so awfully bitter just lately. The strike seemed to enter into his soul. He has a great big heart, Estelle, but he wants somebody to guide him. He'll do big things, if he doesn't make shipwreck of his life."

"What kind of shipwreck do you mean? He has no vices," said Estelle a little hardly.

"No. But presently he'll be ranging himself with the enemies of law and order. His views are getting distorted."

"How is Carrie?" asked Estelle, with a little note of strain in her voice.

"I haven't seen her. But Dick is specially bitter about what your brother has done. I suppose it is all off definitely?"

"I am afraid it is. In fact, I am sure it is."

"It was a shame to treat her so! Haven't you said anything to Cyril about it?"

"No; but I'm thinking of doing it. And yet what would be the good, Eugene? What Carrie says is perfectly true. You can't keep any man at your side by force."

"Nor any woman," muttered Eugene, with rather a significant note in his voice.

At the moment they caught sight of Kathleen coming out by the veranda, side by side with Charters. It seemed to Eugene a case in point.

"Your sister has no use for John Glide now. A good many people have been made unhappy by the change in your family fortunes."

"Yes; but I can't help that," said Estelle in the same guarded voice. "I think I must go and speak to Mrs. Dyer. I haven't seen her yet, and there is something I want to ask her."

Eugene understood that he was being dismissed, and he accepted his dismissal quietly. He could not lay claim to any grievance regarding Estelle Rodney's treatment of him, since she had never promised him anything or responded in any degree to his advances. But his eyes followed her with unmistakable yearning until she disappeared into the house.

Then it interested him to watch Charters, of whose identity he was unaware, walking round the pretty garden with Kathleen.

Kathleen had put up her parasol, not so much to shade her face from the sun as from the rather ardent glance of Charters. Of late Charters had spent much of his time at the Hans Crescent house, and he had never neglected an opportunity of meeting Kathleen. Seeking her, in the first instance, from the most selfish motives, he had now become so much attached to her that it had made him a better man. She was so different from the women of his world—so fresh and sweet and transparent, so utterly unspoiled.

And Kathleen was drawn to him, too, for he had winning ways with women, and, in the course of his life, he had caused a good many hearts to ache. There was one aching intolerably in the house for him at the present moment, and Anna Helder's stormy eyes were watching him and Kathleen as they walked among the trees. Charters, looking at Kathleen, was much tempted to put the fateful question then and there. He did not yield to the temptation, however, for Clare had warned him that he must abide by her counsel and not be too precipitate.

Estelle made her way indoors to try to find her mother and to obtain an introduction to Mrs. Dyer. But Mrs. Rodney was swallowed up in the crowd. As a matter of fact, she had been taken to tea by a man whom she knew, and, as the drawing-room had now emptied a little, Estelle was able to make her way to Mrs. Dyer's side.

"I want to introduce myself," she said in her kind, quiet voice. "I am Estelle Rodney, Kathleen's sister. I saw you at my mother's party last week, but I had no opportunity of talking to you. I hope you don't mind my speaking to you like this."

"My dear, I am charmed! I have lost sight of Kathleen in the crowd. Is she still here?"

"Yes; she has gone into the garden," said Estelle, taking the chair that Mrs. Dyer indicated with the handle of her lorgnette.

"So you are Estelle. You are not at all like what I expected to see. Kathleen used to talk a good deal about you. I think I should be rather afraid of you."

Estelle's face and manner were grave, and she was not one who wore her heart

THE QUIVER

on her sleeve, or whom it was easy to know. But when she smiled, as she did now, she was invested with a singular charm.

"You must be very clever, I think," went on Mrs. Dyner. "What do you do? Have you written any books?"

"I? Oh, no," said Estelle confusedly. "I was a school teacher before things happened. I don't think I have much imagination."

"You have what is perhaps more valuable—keen observation," said the old lady shrewdly. "I could almost swear that very little escapes these eyes of yours. Well, and how are you enjoying the flesh-pots of Egypt?"

"Not at all," answered Estelle in a tone which admitted of no dispute.

"Come, come—don't be ungrateful! The gods have been good to you."

"Have they? I'm not sure of that, Mrs. Dyner. They have suddenly cut me off from a good deal I held dear," said Estelle in a voice of unusual emotion.

She suddenly felt and knew that Mrs. Dyner had the understanding heart, that it would be easy to tell her things, and that there was very little in human experience upon which she would not be fitted to guide and advise.

"I'd love to come one day when you have no people, Mrs. Dyner, and have a long talk with you. I understand now all that Kathleen said about you and why she loved you so much."

The old woman's face saddened.

"Ah, I miss her, my dear. She was young and bright and quite unspoiled. She brought fresh sunshine into the house every day. Now I have lost her, and I am in dread lest the world should spoil her altogether."

"I hope not. She is enjoying herself meanwhile. She loves all the things that money can buy, Mrs. Dyner. I don't mind about them. I was not happy in the old life, neither am I happy in this. I seem to want an object in life. There is something the matter with me."

"Try to write something, if it is only to set down what you feel. It's a medicine I prescribe to everybody, and sometimes it works wonders. Just occasionally it is the means of tapping a spring at which the world's thirst can be slaked. Try it."

"I might try, but what could I write about?"

"About whatever you have felt and known. That is the only thing that matters or counts. Write it down and bring it to me."

"But you are so busy! How could I trouble you?"

"I am busy with just that very thing. Do you know that half the writers in this room have brought me their stuff from the beginning? It's the crown of my life! Bring yours to me. I know it is in you to produce it. Now I am going to introduce you to Anthony Giffard. He's a helper of lame dogs over stiles, if you like!"

"I think I would rather not be introduced," said Estelle nervously. "It is you whom I want to talk to."

"That is very sweet of you. But it will do you more good to talk to him, believe me."

"May I ask you something first, Mrs. Dyner?"

"Surely."

"You haven't got anybody in Kathleen's place, have you?"

"Not yet. I'm searching, but it's a hopeless task."

"You don't want somebody quite young, do you?"

"I don't mind whether she is quite young or not—only she mustn't be a fool. She must have some brains."

"I know a woman who might do. She was a teacher in Romsey Road School with me. Although quite a good teacher, she will never obtain promotion in that profession, because she has not had the proper training, and is now too old to take it."

"How old?"

"Quite forty, I believe."

"Has she any other kind of ability?"

"She can do shorthand and typewriting, I know. Her father was an invalid for a good many years, and she had to do it for him."

"Is she a depressed creature with her hair screwed up in a knob behind?"

Estelle laughed.

"She is rather depressed, but that is the fault of circumstances. She would be most awfully grateful for work; only she is a person without much initiative. She has led a sort of half-starved existence for the last ten years, and it has altered her. But she is a thoroughly good sort."

"What is she doing just now?"

"She's a stop-gap at the Romsey Road School."



"Charters, looking at Kathleen, was much tempted to put the fateful question then and there"—p. 596.

Drawn by
C. E. Brock

THE QUIVER

"Ah, then she is engaged all the week except Saturday."

Estelle nodded.

"You may bring her to tea to-morrow, if you like. But, mind, I don't commit myself to anything, and if she has a knob behind, I don't have anything to do with her!"

"Oh, thank you," said Estelle joyfully. "I'm sure I don't know what made me mention Eliza Inman."

"Is that her name?" asked Mrs. Dyner with a queer little cackle. "Sounds like that of a charity child. But I'll try not to be prejudiced. Well, Anna, how are you to-day?"

Anna Helder came forward and greeted Estelle rather coolly, because all the Rodney's were hateful in her eyes.

Estelle was glad to move away, which she did rather quickly, being amazed at the temerity she had shown in mentioning Eliza Inman's name, yet sure that it had been one of those sudden inspirations which bring forth something.

She went off to try to find her mother and to see whether she and Kathleen were ready to go. She thus lost the opportunity of being introduced to Giffard, who was a person very much in request at every literary party, being one of the lions of the hour.

During the quick run home, while her mother and Kathleen were animatedly discussing the people they had just left, Estelle was thinking, with a curious little thrill, of Mrs. Dyner's words: "Set down what you feel. Sometimes it works wonders, and just occasionally it is the means of tapping a spring at which the world's thirst can be slaked."

"What are you thinking of, Este?" asked Kathleen teasingly. "You look as if your last hour had come!"

"Perhaps it's my first," answered Estelle enigmatically.

"Did you see Eugene at Mrs. Dyner's party?" her mother asked then. "I was never more astonished in my life. How did he get there?"

"Giffard the novelist brought him," answered Estelle with an odd touch of pride which was quite impersonal and had its root in pure enjoyment of being able to give a bit of very unexpected information.

"Eugene is starting a literary career, and Mr. Giffard is interested in what he writes."

"People do break out in queer places," said Mrs. Rodney with her somewhat affected little laugh. "Did you speak to him?"

"Oh, yes—in the garden. He was telling me about the Bygraves, mother."

"What about them?" asked Mrs. Rodney with a quickly waning interest.

"Nothing much—only general things. But I do think it is perfectly abominable the way Cyril has treated Carrie."

"Is she going to make a fuss—bring a breach of promise, or anything?" asked Mrs. Rodney in alarm. "That would spoil everything at this moment when Cyril is just making his way. It would be better to pay something and be done with it. Tell me exactly what Woods said."

But Estelle could recall nothing definite. It was of Dick that Eugene had principally spoken.

"I am sure you needn't be afraid of Carrie doing anything of that sort, mother. The last time I saw her I rather think she was despising Cyril. He was never good enough for Carrie Bygrave, anyhow."

Mrs. Rodney looked the displeasure she felt.

"If you had your way, Estelle, none of us would rise in the world! I can't think where you got those horrid low-class ideas from—the Bygraves, I suppose. I always said they were the limit, and I never approved of Cyril going there at all. Dick will be arrested one of these days for anarchy or something of that sort, and it would probably be the best thing that could happen to him."

"Oh, mother, how can you be so unkind and hateful about our old friends!" cried Estelle in a voice breaking with passion.

"The Bygraves were never friends of mine. It was you who introduced them to us, and they were never of any use to us in any capacity. Carrie was harmless, but no class. Am I not right, Kathleen?"

"Carrie was very nice, mother," said Kathleen, feeling sorry for Estelle's evident distress. "Nobody could help loving her, I am quite certain. There was something about her which the girl in 'What Every Woman Knows' lacked—a genuine charm."

"Don't put on that face, Estelle! If only you could see yourself! What does she look like, Kathleen?—one of the worst of the militant suffragettes! I wonder you

CORRODING GOLD

don't join them, Estelle. I am sure you would enjoy fighting with policemen."

Mrs. Rodney was much exasperated, or she would not have said so much.

"At least they have an object in life," said Estelle quickly. "I'm afraid we have none."

"That's where you are quite wrong," retorted her mother. "I have so many objects in life that I hardly know which to lay hold of first. It is because you are so idle, Estelle, that you are so discontented. If only you would take a decent and common-sense interest in what is going on round you, and try to be a help to me and to be grateful for your mercies, you would be a happier woman and would be of some use in the world. I am getting pretty sick of your way of going on, and, if there is much more of it, I will suggest that you go into the country to live in a small cottage on an income of your own. As I said to Clare the other day, you are a great trial. She answered that

there must always be a fly in the ointment, and that you were undoubtedly rather a big one."

To hear that she was thus discussed between her mother and Clare Hatherley seemed the last drop in Estelle's somewhat bitter cup.

Undoubtedly she laid herself open to blame in this matter, and her own conscience certainly reproached her a little, for there was not an atom of gratitude in her heart for all the material gifts by which she was surrounded.

Her soul was in revolt. She was struggling to find herself, to grasp the meaning of life, and to discover her own niche in the scheme of things. She had none to help her in the search. But Mrs. Dyncer's understanding words had opened up a vista of opportunity which might ultimately lead to the Elysian fields.

That night a light burned far into the night in Estelle's bedroom, and with the dawn a happier woman fell asleep.

[END OF CHAPTER FOURTEEN]



A Cluster
of Roses.

Photo:
E. Sigmund

LETTERS OF COUNSEL AND COMFORT

By "AMICA"

No. 4.—To a Father who does not Approve of the Young Men of To-day

MY DEAR HENRY,—

I regard your letter as half jocular. I have never known any father who was not, in his heart, a little proud of the airs, the superiorities, and the divergences of the younger generation, as represented by his own children. It is the other half, the semi-articulate half, that I will reply to, because I want you to be altogether satisfied with your descendants.

Do you think it would be good for the world if the young were merely an echo of the old? Think of young men other than your sons as being, at twenty-five or twenty-eight, mere replicas of their fifty or sixty-year-old fathers; picture to yourself an actual case, that of the Smiths or the Browns or the Robinsons, and ask yourself, would you like to hear Harry Smith or Tom Brown discoursing to you after the manner of his progenitor, or inviting you to partake with him in the evening of middle-aged pleasures or refreshments. Would you not think him a rather dreadful person? If we could regard those who belong to us with the same detachment as we accord to other people, how much household friction and ultimate estrangement would be avoided!

I am quite aware, my dear brother-in-law, that you had a hard youth, and I admire you that you do not fall into either extreme of boasting of what you overcame or pitying yourself that life was so much more strenuous half a century ago. Mechanical conditions make life easier than it was, but the instinct of those who knew its hardness is to maintain that hardness as if it were an amulet. Easy conditions need not be enervating. I will touch on that by and by. Since the hands of the eternal timepiece do not go back, what behoves us is to prepare ourselves and those who look to us for guidance to meet actualities.

You say your boys pay no attention to what you say. May that not be because you sometimes speak oracularly of what

you not only do not understand, but what they know you have had no opportunity to study? In that case, why should they pretend to hear you gladly?

You say Geoffrey has extravagant ideas, and that Paul encourages these; that they deem certain outlays necessary that, at their age, you never thought of. No doubt, but to-day certain things are available for every labourer that in the Middle Ages were beyond the reach even of sovereigns. Why, the kitchens in modern houses are finer than the apartments allotted to queens in mediæval times. Even scullions find baths available in this year of grace. Who enjoyed the bath in England a century ago? What would you think of the humblest of your domesticities if she economised in her personal linen as did a certain Queen Isabeau of France?

I do not believe in giving the young all they would like to have, because I am not in entire sympathy with their wanting too much; the educational value of hard conditions cannot be estimated, but it must be genuine and not faked hardness—the hardness that results from restricted conditions shared equally, and, through being shared, fostering fine qualities of consideration for others and self-abnegation. Civilisation burdens us with superfluities, but we do not mend matters when we withhold from the young what they regard as necessities. I recently saw a young man setting out on a six-months' absence from home, and the items of his baggage certainly surprised me. There were boot-trees and trouser-pressers and folding coat-hangers and toilet appliances and garments manifold for all possible and some unlikely occasions. I made no comment; each generation has its usages and requirements, and we are wise when we reserve our censure for what is actually wrong. The young measure themselves by other young people; Nature does not intend that they shall regard all wisdom as centred in their predecessors. Has it

TO A FATHER

ever struck you that it is because the young look beyond what they have been told that discoveries are made and new colonies established?

As to the vexed question of pocket-money, I am not in favour of according it too amply, but it never seems to err on that side: I think what would be fair for any child not yet at the salary-earning stage would be enough for all inevitable demands—as railway fares, meals that must be taken from home, and such things—and half as much more as the total. I compute this from travel experiences. I have always found that to be quite comfortable one requires half as much more as the actual fare and hotel bills. In allowancing others, if we always try to do as we would be done by, it will prove cheapest in the end.

Paul is earning money for a year or two. In your place, I should not advise him against buying anything he wants. The joy of being free to get the very kind of thing one longs for is great; do not spoil it by advising economy, which may only lead ultimately to secretiveness. The appetite for possessions is like that for food; it will be satisfied in time. It is well not to cloud the first moment of the feast by inhibitions that will speak for themselves later. The fifty-guinea motorcycle was, I confess, bad buying. It would not sell for twenty to-day, as you say; but do you not think the morsel of experience that was bought with it has some value? The young have to make their experiments and their mistakes. Let them have the gladness of doing it without the monitions of wisecracks. If the money were required for better purposes the case would be different. Hoarding only appeals when it is to meet probable contingencies, and the young do not foresee these. When they approach they will make themselves felt.

Life is a wiser teacher than any of us; leave her to say her say in her own way. People are, in the main, unjust over possessions, and this injustice obtains in the family as well as in the factory. If the property question could be adequately settled among individuals, I think feuds and wars would cease, and the predatory lion would really stretch itself in goodwill beside the trustful lamb.

This is worth thinking over, though I say it.

In a way, children do not expect excessive liberality from their parents, and they do not ultimately resent a financially straitened youth; but what they always remember with pain is having been obliged by circumstances to seem mean among their peers, being unable to pay their way when going with others, or to take their part in general donations or merry-makings.

You may remember that R. L. Stevenson, until he was twenty-three, was restricted to a maximum allowance of five shillings per week. He approved in later years of the system of keeping him always short of funds, but at the time he felt bitterly about it. He could not earn money, he could not beg, and he could not borrow, so he took what he deemed the only available course: in consorting with those who were in similar financial circumstances. In his own words, "I was the companion of seamen, chimney-sweeps, and thieves, my circle being continually broken by the action of the police magistrate." These associates did Stevenson no harm; but think if he had been an Edgar Allen Poe, or even a Branwell Brontë!

May I direct your attention to one real cause of offence in your treatment of your grown-up sons? You admonish them publicly; you scold them before people. Geoffrey smokes, you do not; but that divergence of habit scarcely justifies all the comments I have heard you make on smokers, their selfishness, and their filthy usages. I hold no brief for tobacco. I think it may be enervating, and therefore bad for people of an indolent temperament; but no habit is rectified by annoying innuendo directed publicly to the culprit. You might do some good by direct admonition when you and the boy are alone together, and when something has rendered the moment propitious, provided you can remember at the time that it is not a crime for which you are taking him to task, and that the offence, if offence it is, has always been devoid of secrecy and all that attaches to it. It is stated that Queen Victoria put notices all over one of the palaces that Her Majesty strictly forbade smoking on the premises.

THE QUIVER

When she found that one of her sons usually lighted his cigar where these notices were most prominent, she, like a wise woman, had them all removed. Probably some heart-searching convinced a lady, not naturally disposed to think herself in the wrong, that she had been making a sin of that which was no sin, and that it was her duty to climb down. If we would not forfeit our influence, we must not parade it unnecessarily.

Do you know what I think? I should like to tell it you in quite small writing, lest you should vehemently disagree with me. It is that I am sure the world grows better instead of worse generation after generation. Now what does that signify unless it be that children are wiser than their parents collectively if not individually, and that they who rail generation after generation at the habits of the immature are merely envious and foolish? I was very young when I first read the diatribes addressed by Mrs. Lynn Linton to the *Girl of the Period*; when I heard later that she had herself been the direst failure in the domestic relation for which she regarded it as her vocation to prepare others, I was not surprised. The girl she denounced was, as I remember her, a good deal like the girl of to-day, though the journalist of the present seems to think that she passed her existence wearing dowdy clothes, working samplers and singing hymns.

Only yesterday I was looking through

a ten-year-old magazine which devoted two pages of each issue to sayings of the moment. From these pearls of wisdom I gather that one writer held originality to be dead in all classes of the community; another stated that the pretty girl, with her smile, her blush, her gracious ways, had vanished from the world; while another—this time a man—roundly asserted that girls who marry are unfit to take charge of a canary or a kitten, much less of a home, a husband, and children.

Some years ago the baiting of young men was as popular with the writer on social things as were the attacks on girls in the days of sweet Mrs. Lynn Linton. Do you not think that the history of aviation has disposed of the theory of the growing effeminacy and love of ease on the part of the young men of this generation? I was never as proud of brother man as in the last decade. Every war, every colliery disaster, every shipwreck, proves the heroism of human nature, and makes me glad that I have witnessed it. Firemen, soldiers, sailors, civilians, their hearts and their nerves are all right—every emergency indicates it. I will tell you what is wrong—it is the tongues of the idle and the pens of the venal. Apart from these two sources of mischief, progress is upward and onward, and your sons are in it.

Ever your affectionate,

AMICA.



Returning
to the Fold.

Photo:
A. W. Cutler.



" 'Now, David,' I said, 'how would you like being a weaver?' "—p. 604.

Drawn by
P. S. Hickling.

THE QUEEN'S SCHOLAR

By JOHN BRANTWOOD

YESTERDAY, as Old Time and I were stooping together over a dusty pile of school registers, my eyes suddenly went dim. Perhaps it was because I had been looking at the names through the haze of years gone by.

As to these registers, they have lain so long in the cupboard, that most of the lads enrolled in them are now called "Daddy," whilst ever so many of the lassies have toddlers plucking at their skirts. Of course, the registers are now mere lumber, and many a day I have vowed to be rid of them; but on opening the cupboard my resolution has always wavered, and I have weakly ended by putting the wretched things back.

Yesterday I nerved myself afresh for the riddance, but as my eyes roved over the fading roll, it seemed as though I was wandering along the fragrant paths of a garden

where never a plant grows old. Then, lest Old Time with his dread scythe should follow me along those dewy ways, I tossed the records back and hurried home.

The fact is, I had stuck at the very first register. I had wiped off the fine, grey dust and opened the leaves at random, when the name of Bessie Bradwell came dancing out of the page as she went hatless through the heather to her moorland home.

Bessie, of the bright eyes, lives far away now; but she always comes back at the purpling of the moors. When next she lifts my latch I shall remember that register. After she has smacked her lips over my honey, she will want to steal my flowers, but I shall refuse her. I shall bundle her off to school instead. I shall ask her sternly where the fir-bobs are which she used to shy at her cousin, Davy Rutland, when she thought

THE QUIVER

nobody was looking. Then I shall march her to an ancient desk and demand why she disfigured it by scratching her initials on the seat. Probably she will droop her head and reply that the knife was Tom Duckworth's and that he had dared her to it. But if I rebuke her for sidling close up to Davy when lessons were hard, I know she will laugh with her shoulders and say nothing.

Talking of Davy reminds me of the visit I paid to his widowed mother the week before he was to leave school. Davy had been a scholar after my own heart, though perhaps over quiet and too fond of the books. Yet who am I that I should act as censor to the quickening spirit of the lad? He had as least as good a right to develop his mind as others have to develop their muscle. It was not that he revealed much brilliance at the time—when it came to memory work his cousin Bessie could always play the hare to his tortoise—but there was a latent strength of mind about him that gripped me. In composition, Bessie would reel off her fluent sentences by the yard; but Davy set his slow, rich words together as a jeweller sets gems.

When his father got killed in the mine five miles away, his mother had taken a little greengrocer's shop, and there I found her bending over a hamper of potatoes. At sight of me she seemed to divine there was something afoot, and the flush first raced to her cheeks and then ebbed to white.

"Come inside, Mr. Brantwood," she said, wiping her hands on a rough apron. Then we both sat down and waited for each other.

"I've just called to see you about David," I began. "I understand he will be leaving in a few days. What do you purpose making of him?"

"I don't quite know what to put him to," she replied. "There's little about here except the delf and the loom, and I'll starve before he shall go to the delf. I can't put a shovelful of coal on now without seeing his poor father's face. No; he's not going to the delf."

"Do you think he would take to the loom?"

"I suppose he'll have to, if nothing else turns up."

Feeling that my way was opening, I remarked: "Had you ever thought to make a teacher of him?"

At this her fingers toyed nervously with

the corner of the tablecloth, and her eyes grew wistful.

"I'd dearly like to, if—if I could afford. I suppose they don't earn much at first."

"No," I replied, "they don't. About enough to keep them in boot-leather and books—that's all."

By this time her fingers were clasping and unclasping anxiously.

"Perhaps—perhaps I might manage it," she said, speaking rather to herself than to me. "Davy isn't a big eater, and so far the Lord has sent enough for our needs."

Just then David himself came in with a book sticking out of his pocket.

"Now, David," I said, tossing the lad straight into mid-stream to discover which bank he would swim for, "how would you like being a weaver?"

His eyes fell. "I'll turn to anything that mother thinks best," he said.

"Do you think you would like teaching any better?"

He spoke no word, but the appeal in his eyes went straight to his mother's soul.

"If it's teaching he wants, then a teacher he shall be," said the brave little woman. The next instant her lips set with a quiet pressure which told me where David's steadfast temperament came from.

"But," I added relentlessly, "it is wise fully to count the cost. If David does well during his four years' apprenticeship and passes high enough for college, it might be a bitter disappointment to him not to go."

At the word "college" his mother's eyes glistened, but her hands dropped on her lap again and her face paled.

"I suppose college costs a lot," she said, with a wistful droop in her tone.

I told her the probable expense of two years' training, and saw suspense gather once more in her eyes.

"I've got a few pounds in the Building Club," she said presently. "Perhaps I could keep making it a bit more. Anyway, I'll try."

So in that spotless kitchen, while twilight played hide-and-seek with the firelight on the brasses by the hearth, David's destiny was planned and his eager feet took the upland way.

Every fortnight he bore five shillings to the Building Club, and whenever his mother's wistful eyes craved a new head-dress she

THE QUEEN'S SCHOLAR

set her lips and used David's inkpot to her old bonnet instead.

During the years of apprenticeship David made me a proud man. He was never very keen at mathematics, but when it came to literature his soul burned like Sirius on a frosty night.

Bessie I seldom saw, except on the Sabbath, when she taught a group of restless imps in the Sunday school. "Taught," did I say? I should have said "bewitched"; for the way she turned them into cherubs was a thing to marvel at. But little lads with sticky mouths were not the only slaves to those alluring eyes: there were quite a dozen ardent swains eager to do her homage. But, after all, the real rivalry lay between Tom Duckworth and David Rutland. In looks Tom had certainly the better start. Not only had he a handsomer face than David's, but he bore himself with a certain masterful carelessness which some women dote on.

One Saturday morning, when taking my favourite stroll over the moors, I happened to see Bessie's father, Laban, leaning over the gate of his farm. He appeared to be doing nothing in particular, but I could tell by the restless flicker of the straw in his mouth that his brain was busy at its scheming.

I passed some remark about the weather which he merely acknowledged by shifting the straw to the opposite corner of his mouth. When he had filled his pipe at my pouch he admitted that the morning might have been worse. Then the pipe went deliberately back to his pocket. By the time conversation had got fairly under way, Tom Duckworth happened to go by, leading a team of horses to his father's farm down the lane.

"Fine lad, that," remarked Bessie's father, when Tom was out of earshot. "He'll come into yonder farm some day, too."

"Isn't he a bit wild?" I ventured, recalling one or two disquieting rumours that had reached me of late.

"Oh—just a young fellow's hot blood," replied Laban irritably. "I wouldn't give twopence for a lad with no fire in him."

"A good deal depends on whether the fire's under control," I replied.

"He'll sober down all right," retorted Laban, "after he's had his fling."

But I had my doubts, and said so. Perhaps it was uncharitable of me. Well, my only excuse is that I wanted Bessie's eyes to keep as bright after her wedding as they had been before.

"Anyhow," snapped Laban, "I'd rather have him for a son-in-law than somebody else I know," and he flicked his straw again.

"Do you mean David?" I demanded, feeling suddenly warm.

"Aye, I mean Davy. The lad's nowt but a miserable book-maggot."

"Let me tell you," I retorted, "that if he's spared, the lad will some day cause you to regret those words."

"Then," said Laban, turning on his heel, "let's hope he wunna be spared," and with that cruel thrust he left me. The fact was that Laban could see no money in the lad, and openly despised him.

The four years sped. The dread week came when David had to face the fire. In those days the examination for the Scholarship was held in summer, and David went up to a London college to sit for it. How he had fared it was hard to judge, for David was ever reticent about his own doings.

One Friday morning in October, when the wind was full of whirling leaves, and rooks went tumbling about the sky, David overtook me just before I reached the playground gates. I could tell by the look in his eyes that fateful tidings had arrived. With a tightening of suspense about my heart, I took the long official envelope. The next moment I knew that David was a Queen's Scholar of the First Division, and that he had been accepted for college. Gripping his two hands in mine I praised the lad to his face. The glad news spread over the playground like a blaze among the gorse, and the air was rent with shouting.

"David," I exclaimed, "this deserves a half-holiday; we'll close down at noon."

The words were scarcely off my lips when I perceived that the chairman of the managers had arrived. He, too, had heard the news. He must have overheard my promise, for his eyes twinkled.

"No, Mr. Brantwood," he said, "we're having no half-days; it must either be a whole day or none."

And a whole day we made it.

One evening the following December—a few weeks before David was to leave for

THE QUIVER

college—as I sat by the fire planning my next day's work, a neighbour came in without knocking. Dropping into a chair, he gripped his knees as though each hand were a vice, and sat staring into the flames without a word. His unusual demeanour baffled me.

"Anything amiss?" I asked, noticing the tense jaws and drawn features.

"Amis?" he shouted, dashing his hat on the floor. "Why, man, I feel as if I want to burst or go mad, or—or——"

Then he got up and strode up and down like a caged tiger.

"So you haven't heard the news!" he exclaimed incredulously. "Haven't—even—heard!" He spoke these words in an undertone, as if trying to realise my amazing ignorance.

"Don't you know that the blessed Building Club has gone smash?" he demanded presently.

"What?" I exclaimed, suddenly aghast. "You don't mean it!"

"Don't I mean it!" he groaned. "I wish I didn't. If we get half our money back we shall be lucky."

At one stroke my friend had lost over two hundred pounds—half the scrapings of a lifetime: nothing to a money-lord, but a grievous loss to him. For a few moments we stood staring blankly at each other; then we silently took our hats and went out into the night. I accompanied my friend as far as his door, and then made my way towards the little shop where David lived; but as I drew near my courage failed, and I turned back, sore at heart.

In my dream that night I saw David with bleeding hands shaking wildly at a college gateway that refused to yield.

All through the following day's work, David's face haunted me. We neither of us said much, for, in truth, there was little to say; but there was a limp tonelessness in his voice which was more eloquent of heart ache than many tears. As the day wore through, various schemes entered my mind with a view to raising money for David's two years at college, but all seemed hopeless. One plan alone remained stubbornly in my thoughts, not because it promised success, but because it seemed just a shade less likely to fail than the rest. Despite my last encounter with Laban on David's behalf, I determined to ask the old

man for the loan of the necessary money; for, after all, was not David's mother Laban's own sister?

Directly after tea I set off up the rough, winding lane that clambered to the moors. Finding both Laban and Bessie at the milking, I paused at the door of the cow-house to listen to the white music of the milk jets as they met the foam. When Laban caught sight of me a dour look gathered on his wrinkled face.

"If you've come to talk to me about Davy," he began, as though divining my errand, "you might as well have saved your shoe-leather."

I had anticipated a tough task, but scarcely such a rebuff as this for a start. I suppose he must have read my dismay, for a sardonic smile puckered his features.

"They say Davy knows a wonderful lot about writin' and such-like," he said; "but I reckon he didna' quite understand a full-stop till the Building Club smashed."

"That is just why I've come," I replied, ignoring his sarcasm. "Surely you are not going to let your own sister's lad lose his chance of college just because the Building Club has failed?"

"Folk that want their childer to climb ladders should see as th' staves are sound," he replied relentlessly.

"True; but how was your sister to know that the Building Club would fail?" I said.

"How was she to know that it wouldna'?" came the sharp retort.

"I'm sure that by helping David," I urged, "you would be doing a great kindness both to him and to his mother."

"And in refusin' to help 'em I shall be doin' a bigger kindness to myself," he replied, turning his back on me and resuming his milking.

In utter desperation I moved to where Bessie sat with the side of her print bonnet resting against the flank of a brindled short-horn. Seeing me approach, she lowered the pail from between her knees and gave me a warm smile. Nothing seemed to depress her buoyant spirit for long, not even her father's mordant tongue.

"Bessie," I said, "I've been pleading with your father on behalf of David; but it's of no use."

"Isn't it?" she responded with a glint in her eye that I couldn't quite fathom. "Well, if Davy can't go to college, I suppose



"At this Laban, livid with passion, swung his milking stool above his head"—p. 608.

Drawn by
P. B. Nickling.

THE QUIVER

he) will have to stop at home." And she laughed quite gaily.

Naturally, I felt disappointed at this poor backing to my cause. "But think what it will mean," I said. "He will have to throw up his chance of going to London to be trained."

"Yes," she replied; "it will be a big loss to the London college folk; but, bless me, what does that matter? Davy will be able to have a good time at home. He can give up studying for a while and enjoy life. I'm sure he's earned a rest. We'll have some grand walks together now, Davy and I—won't we, dad?"

I was amazed at the turn things were taking. As to Bessie's frank expression of delight at the prospect of David's comradeship, it staggered me.

I knew Laban had been listening, and I awaited his reply with breathless suspense.

"What's that about grand walks?" he began, as if he had not heard.

"I was just telling Mr. Brantwood how glad I was that David could bring me home at nights instead of being obliged to walk with Tom Duckworth so often."

"Isn't Tom Duckworth good enough for thee?" growled Laban.

"Oh, it's nice to have a change sometimes," she replied roguishly, "especially when it's with a fine scholar like Davy."

"Fine scholar be hanged!" muttered Laban in a savage undertone. And he got up from the milking with a face like a thundercloud. "One man, one maid," he snorted, "and I reckon Tom Duckworth's the man for thee."

"Unless I happen to prefer somebody else," replied Bessie, with so gay a laugh that I nearly missed the tears that had cradled themselves in her eyes.

"Thou'lt have what's arranged for thee," snorted Laban savagely.

"No, dad, not when it comes to weddings," came the swift retort, accompanied by another flash of those fearless eyes.

At this Laban swung his milking stool

above his head as if to hurl it at us, for he was livid with passion. Then he suddenly dashed it to the floor, and, brushing past me with a curse on his lips, he strode into the milk-house.

The next morning being Saturday I was busy straightening some books, when there came a loud, impetuous rap at my door. Glancing through the study window, I saw that it was Laban.

I bade him a frigid "Good-morning," for I was still feeling sore about the previous night's encounter.

He ignored the greeting, but strode right in.

"I want a word with you," he said, drawing a chair to the table and fumbling at his inside pocket. "What will it cost to keep that lad two years at college?"

I told him.

"Well, I've decided to pay for him," he replied bluntly. "Just let me have a pen and ink."

Then, to my amazement, he made out a cheque for the amount.

Handing it to me with a hard-set face, he said: "I'll thank you to render me an account of the money spent every six months. Good-morning." And he was gone.

At first I was mightily puzzled at the sudden turn of affairs, but slowly it dawned upon me why Laban had waxed so generous. Doubtless he had thought to get Bessie married to Tom Duckworth while David was at college. But for once he was out of his reckoning. As to Bessie, I saw now the motive for her strange conduct the previous night. She had meant to give David his chance of going to college—and she had managed it. What my bungling effort had failed to accomplish her ready wit had achieved.

David is now Professor of Literature at a famous university, and even Laban is ready to admit that he has turned out fine. But I doubt whether even Bessie is prouder of her husband than is the old dominie who has told this tale.



Beside the Still Waters



The Ladder of St. Augustine

SAINTE AUGUSTINE! well hast thou
said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend,

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A Prayer

WE beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us
 with favour, folk of many families and
 nations, gathered together in the peace of
 this roof, weak men and women, subsisting
 under the covert of Thy patience. Be
 patient still; suffer us yet a while longer—
 with our broken purposes of good, with our
 idle endeavours against evil—suffer us a
 while longer to endure, and (if that may
 be) help us to do better. Go with each of us
 to rest; if any wake temper to them the
 dark hours of watching, and when the day
 returns to us, our sun and comforter call us
 with morning faces and with morning hearts
 —eager to labour—eager to be happy, if
 happiness shall be our portion; and if the
 day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure
 it. We thank Thee and praise Thee, and in
 the words of Him to Whom the day is sacred
 close our oblation.—R. L. STEVENSON.



The Promise of Hope

FOR one thing, you never know what
 child in rags and pitiful squalor that
 meets you in the street may have in him
 the germs of gifts that might add new
 treasures to the storehouse of beautiful
 things or noble arts. In that great storm
 of terror that swept over France in 1793, a
 certain man who was every hour expecting
 to be led off to the guillotine uttered this
 memorable sentiment: "Even at this in-
 comprehensible moment," he said, "when
 morality, enlightenment, love of country—
 all of them only make death at the prison-
 door or on the scaffold more certain—yes,

THE QUIVER

on the fatal tumbrel itself, with nothing free but my voice, I would still cry 'Take care!' to a child that should come too near the wheel: perhaps I may save his life, perhaps he may one day save his country." This is a generous and inspiring thought—one to which the roughest-handed man or woman may respond as honestly and heartily as the philosopher who wrote it. It ought to shame the listlessness with which so many of us see the great phantasmagoria of life pass before us.—JOHN MORLEY.



A Psalm of the Good Teacher

THE Lord is my teacher;
I shall not lose the way to wisdom.

*He leadeth me in the lowly path of learning,
He prepareth a lesson for me every day;
He findeth the clear fountains of instruction,
Little by little He showeth me the beauty of the truth.*

*The world is a great book that He hath written,
He turneth the leaves for me slowly;
They are all inscribed with images and letters,
His face poureth light on the pictures and the words.*

*Then am I glad when I perceive His meaning,
He taketh me by the hand to the hill-top of vision;
In the valley also He walketh with me,
And in the dark places He whispereth to my heart.*

*Yea, though my lesson be hard it is not hopeless,
For the Lord is very patient with His slow scholar;
He will wait awhile for my weakness,
He will help me to reach the truth through tears.*

*Surely Thou wilt enlighten me daily by joy and by sorrow,
And lead me at last, O Lord, to the perfect knowledge of Thee.*



GOD hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this sudden impulse to do our best.

Flowers and Fruit

ONE'S life should bear both fruit and flowers. If it has not the former, it will be of no sustenance to others. If it is devoid of the latter, it will be unable to furnish joy and pleasure. Man is to live, and he is to live happily. Circumstances may bring sorrow and distress, but this is not the normal condition. Other circumstances may work starvation of the body, the mind, or the soul, but this is an abnormal condition. It is the business of the Christian to bear the fruit of the Christian life. It is his duty as well to make his life attractive. Others must be drawn to the cause for which he stands, as well as be supported by his influence.

If a life bears fruit only, one's power for good is halved. This is true of the sour Christian, busy with the work of his Master, but in a way which repels rather than attracts. If one's life produces flowers only, it affords a temporary pleasure to others; but this soon passes away and no one is the better. He shows the form of the Christian life but lacks the substance. Perhaps no life is given entirely to fruit or to flowers, but both should be borne in abundance and in the proper proportion. Another has said that the man who has only flowers in the garden of life does not need to build a wall about him. Most people desire fruit.



YOU have two selves within you. One self has affinity to Christ, and as long as you assert that only all is well. The other self has affinity to evil, and assertion of this baser self is sin. The problem of your life is to slay the baser self and to develop the Christ self.—J. G. STEVENSON.



THE all-important thing is not to live apart from God, but as far as possible to be consciously with Him. It must needs be that those who look much into His face will become like Him.—CHARLES H. BRENT.

No God?



THERE is no God?
Stand quiet there a space,
Let His love shine upon your face,
The whispering air stir soft your hair;
Let down the barriers of your will
Till light and faith dark spaces fill,
Why, all is God.

A WOMAN OF QUALITY

How Nurse Bailey saved a Community in Lonely Labrador

By THE EDITOR

WE Britons are ever on the look out to recognise and honour heroism, be it on sea or land. With the natural instinct of the man we tend to make much of gallantry in its more dramatic forms—brave firemen who rush into burning buildings, sailors who stand by their sinking ships, and so forth.

But there is the heroism of the woman—not so much isolated deeds of dramatic intensity as the quiet, plodding performance of duty day after day, under circumstances of exceptional stress. This, too, merits our recognition and commendation.

Readers of THE QUIVER know something about Nurse Bailey and the noble work she has been able to accomplish in the little station of Forteau on the Labrador coast. It will be remembered that Dr. W. T. Grenfell, who is in charge of the work in Labrador, wrote a letter some months back appealing for funds to help Miss Bailey with her work. The response was in every way generous, and so far over £50 has been subscribed. After a long spell of work, Miss Bailey has had to come home on vacation, and in reply to my invitation she took an early opportunity of calling at my office.

There is nothing dramatic about the appearance of Nurse Bailey: she is a woman without ostentation; she tells her story quietly, without any attempt at rhetoric; but through her narrative there is the intensity of earnestness, and the story itself needs no embellishment.

We had a talk on the past and future of the work in Labrador. It was some eight or nine years ago, she told me, that she made a start at Forteau, and the circumstances of the first winter there she is never likely to forget.

There is no need to dwell on the rigours

of the climate—time after time in the winter her little cottage gets snowed up, and she has to crawl through the bedroom window. This of itself required some getting used to. But by an unfortunate mishap Miss Bailey's furniture did not arrive when she did. The short autumn lengthened into winter, and there was no sign of the steamer that should bring her precious cargo of goods. Urgent messages to the base brought little comfort; some time after she heard that a disaster had befallen the long-expected vessel: the captain had been washed overboard, and the crew put the boat back before reaching Forteau! So all through

that long winter the new nurse had to "rough it" without furniture.

Luckily, two mattresses came along, and for the rest a bed had to be made up on the floor, cooking had to be accomplished with the aid of one tin can, and, in general, the simple life had to be lived with a vengeance!

How she caught pleurisy, but only went to bed for a day and a half; how in spite of her own discomforts she cheered, consoled and organised the little scattered community, and how she longed for the spring, for the flowers—for her furniture!



Nurse Bailey in Labrador Winter Rig.

THE QUIVER



School at Forteau.

As has already been intimated in *THE QUIVER*, the winter of 1912-13 was very bad at Forteau. The provision ship failed to get through in the autumn, and starvation in all its grimness had to be faced. Particularly trying was the scarcity of vegetables, and Nurse Bailey herself got scurvy. Then, as if their troubles were not enough, an epidemic of diphtheria broke out among the devoted vil-

lagers. Single-handed, Nurse Bailey tackled the situation, and nursed the whole community through it. She caught the infection herself, but had to go on with her work just the same. With the utmost pluck she stuck to her post, and once more weathered the storm.

—all this needs a more graphic pen than mine to tell. Since that first winter she has been in isolated charge of the Forteau station. Generally speaking, she has had to be nurse and doctor, surveyor and road-maker, parson and adviser, to the whole village. When she went there were no roads made. She organised labour, appealed to the Government for help, and now roads exist in every direction. In response to her representations, too, telegraphic communication has been established—a boon to an isolated community.

The people she dwells amongst are a simple folk, needing guidance in the most elementary matters; for instance, she early instituted the growing of potatoes. True, the summer time is very short, and the hoeing has to be done quickly and thoroughly, but the experiment was quite a success, and to-day Forteau is able to grow its own potatoes at least.

She confesses to feeling very tired now—and no wonder! At any rate, she had to come away from her beloved work, or face a breakdown. She is having a thorough

Funeral Procession of a Baby.



Funeral Procession of a Baby.

A WOMAN OF QUALITY



Winter Travelling.

rest with her own people in England until June, when she hopes once again to return to her station.

As to the future, Nurse Bailey is very grateful for the help THE QUIVER readers are affording her. I told her—I hope not rashly—that our readers would continue to support the driver and dogs, etc., that she needs for travelling over her vast district.

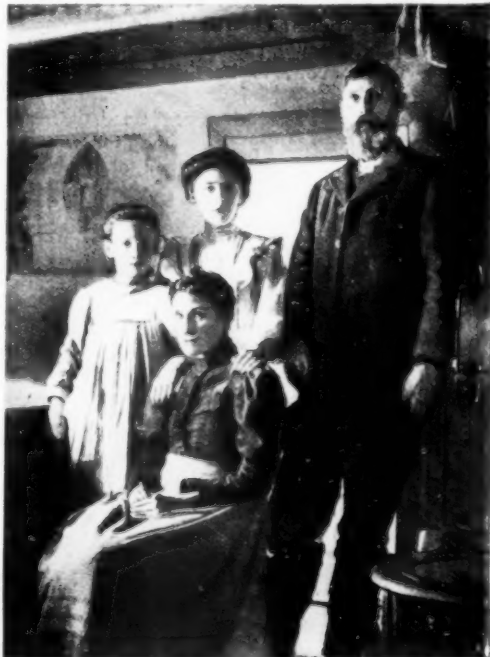
But Nurse Bailey's heart is set on a motor-boat. This she badly needs for her work, yet is unable to obtain it from ordinary channels. There is an opportunity here for someone to do really good service. Few of us have the time, endurance, skill and pluck to undertake what this brave woman has accomplished for so many years. We have our own mission in life to which we are committed; but by our money, interest and prayers we can, too, have a hand in this little bit of Christian service in a far-off land. It may be that the plain telling of these facts will induce some of my readers to co-operate with her, by providing her with the necessities of the work.

THE QUIVER is pledged to raise £50 a year for the upkeep of the driver, dogs, and accessories for

Miss Bailey's travelling. Can we also find the motor-boat?

What a splendid thing it would be if, when Nurse Bailey returns in June, she could take with her a fully-equipped motor-boat, subscribed for by QUIVER readers! Perhaps two or three generous subscribers would start the fund with £10 each, and then others who cannot give so much would not be long in doing their share.

In addition I may mention that Miss Bailey will be glad of any parcels of old clothing. They should be sent during the weeks from May to July, addressed to Nurse Bailey (of Labrador), care of Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, 181 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.



A Labrador Family.

THE TRAGEDY OF HABIT

A Story with a Moral

By M. ELLEN THONGER

WE had been friends from childhood—Bertha Trensham and I. Not merely friendly acquaintances, but true friends. Yet, often months, or even a year, would pass and we saw nothing and heard little about each other. We were busy women, and had little time for unnecessary correspondence. Therefore the announcement of her engagement came as a complete surprise. We were not young, and I had thought that marriage was not to be in our lives. Not that we had any strong-minded objection to it—few women have—but, as is so often the case, the right man had not come, and we were too much occupied to trouble ourselves with the wrong one.

She broke the news to me herself, the first time we met after a year's parting. We had been chatting of many things, as was our wont, though I had noticed that she was abstracted, and at times answered at random. Then, after a brief pause, she said:

"Mary, I am about to be married to Robert Grey."

As I have said, it was totally unexpected, but, after fighting down an ignoble pang for my own loss, I was glad for my friend, and was about to express it warmly, when something in her tone and look made me hesitate.

"Am I to congratulate, or not?" I asked, hiding some uneasiness under a playful manner.

"You need not. I have signed the death warrant of my happiness and comfort."

Though a highly strung, sensitive woman, Bertha was little given to exaggeration or nonsense, and I was conscious of a shock of horror.

"I do not understand," I said, looking at her anxiously.

"Robert bites his nails."

It was so perfectly unexpected; such a fall from my dismayed imaginings, such bathos instead of pathos, that I broke into a mocking laugh.

"What a tragedy!"

Bertha did not smile. "Yes. In a nutshell. Are not nearly all the tragedies in this world in nutshells? God help us! Few have

large things in their lives. It is the small that count. The little unimportant act of disobedience that casts us out of Paradise—the tiny cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that increases till all that is fair and lovely is blotted out with the hideous darkness—the tragedy of habit which ruins so many marriages."

"But, Bertha——!" I began, half-laughing—the seriousness of her manner was so utterly out of proportion to the subject.

She pursued her way, regardless of the interruption. "Have you not noticed, Mary, that to so many natures one little irritating habit is anathema; whilst others, apparently more annoying, or absolutely evil, leave them calm—able to love the sinner, even while hating the sin? In marriage one should be certain that not only is the great matter of the man's heart and soul in accord with one's own, but also that the little tricks and habits, which we all have, are not of the nature which are specially abhorrent. All my life I have lived with a father who has this special trick. When reading or thinking, it is incessant. I have sat listening to the terrible little click-click till my nerves have been raw, and I have felt nearly frantic. I have left the room, and fled to my own, thanking heaven that there, at least, I could be alone and undisturbed. But from Robert there will be no privacy—day and night I shall be with him."

"But, my dear girl," I urged, still more amused than impressed, "there is a very simple remedy. Why do you marry him?"

"It is fate!" she said slowly. "Twice I refused, giving no reason. The third time he forced it from me."

"Well? What did he do?"

"What I knew he would do—laughed, promised amendment, swept away my objection, and forced from me the consent which my heart longed to give, and which my brain knew would be disastrous."

"But I cannot conceive how you can love a man who is an incessant cause of irritation to you."

"That is the unfortunate part of it. He

THE TRAGEDY OF HABIT

is not—at present. Why, I cannot tell you—but so far my nerves are quiescent. I know of his habit, I see it, and hear it, but it does not yet annoy. I can catch hold of his hand with some laughing word of reminder, and he laughs too and says, 'That is right! Keep me up to it.' But six months after marriage I shall not laugh. If I speak at all it will be with passionate irritation. And Robert will not laugh either. He will be annoyed and impatient. If in his anger he go out and leave me alone, I shall sit and lament that I have hurt and vexed so kind a husband; if he stay, I shall soon be desperately wishing that he would go anywhere, so that I had a few hours' peace."

"Perhaps he will break the habit," I suggested.

"No," she answered quietly. "Were it a woman, she probably would—a woman cannot endure to be obnoxious to the man she loves; but there are too few men in England, Mary, and too many women. A man—a gentleman—would be shocked to put it into words, but deep down in every Englishman's heart is the thought that there is no need for him to restrain himself, or try to improve himself in any matter—women will love him and take him as he is. I am not referring to the big things of life—merely to the excrescences, so to speak, which are so small and yet so very large."

"Are you not making a mountain out of a mole-hill, dear?" I asked gently.

She smiled a little sadly. "But many, many thousands of mole-hills piled on each other make mountains in course of time. You will never make a good

man believe that the thousand times repeated little irritation will kill love as surely, though not so quickly, as neglect or absolute cruelty. Have you never seen a woman—a nice woman—look at her husband with eyes from which for the moment all love has disappeared, leaving only an enormous disgust? I have. When we get to heaven, Mary, I think many an unhappily married pair will find that the love of the youth which has been lost through numberless minor irritations is not really lost, only overlaid, and that, the bodily excrescences being laid aside, the heart and soul are indeed one."

I did not reply to my friend's theological proposition, but after a pause, said: "You are unusually sensitive, Bertha."



"A slight snap made me glance towards the window"—p. 616.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earle

THE QUIVER

Do you think men suffer in the same way?"

"In some cases, yes; but, as a rule, men's lives are larger. They are not surrounded by the numerous minor worries which make up a woman's life. Nor is it the healthy woman who will suffer. It is the delicate, tired wife or mother, too wearied to have control over her nerves."

I was silent, and after a few moments she began to talk on other matters, nor was her marriage again mentioned till she was leaving, when she said, "You will come to my wedding, Mary? You must! I cannot possibly accept any excuse."

I went. Everything passed off well. The bride was charming. Many a young girl might have envied her slender figure and her sweet grace. At the bridegroom I gazed curiously—predisposed not to like him. But in spite of this there was nothing at which I could cavil. I liked his pleasant face, his courteous manner, and, above all, the strong though unobtrusive affection he evidently felt for Bertha. Surely she had done well for herself.

Shortly before leaving she drew me aside into a room for a chat. But private conversation on a wedding-day is an impossibility. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr. Grey appeared. He paused on the threshold.

"I am sorry! I did not know Miss Carmichael was here."

"Come in, Robert. Are you waiting for me?"

"You can have three minutes, but I am afraid no more."

"Never mind. Come in, and keep the time for me, or I shall be sure to forget," she said gaily. "I have seen so little of Mary these holidays, and there is something I must say."

He smiled and went to the window, that he might not interrupt, and Bertha hastily resumed.

I was listening to what she was saying, when a slight snap made me glance towards the window—it was so slight that I might not have noticed it had it not been for the faint crease on the bride's forehead. It vanished almost instantly, but it had been there, and I felt a faint touch of mingled amusement and uneasiness.

"I am ready, Robert," she said, and I watched them drive away in a shower of flowers and good wishes.

The next day my all-too-short holiday was over, and soon I was back at work, with the usual scant time or inclination for correspondence. I wrote to, and heard from, my friend a few times, but letters soon ceased, and, as we had few mutual acquaintances, I heard nothing of her, though I often thought about her, and wondered, half smiling, and yet with a certain uneasiness, which I would not admit even to myself, if her forebodings had been at all realised.

It so happened that I was kept away for an unusually long period, and it was fully two years before I returned to England.

It was a glorious day, that first day of leisure, and I sauntered about the park luxuriously in the bliss of having nothing to do, and all day long to do it in.

Suddenly a voice accosted me.

"Miss Carmichael, is it not?"

I turned, and held out my hand eagerly. "Mr. Grey! I am delighted to see you! How is Bertha? Tell her I am coming to see her—" I broke off, with a start of apprehension, as I noticed his changed appearance. "What is the matter?"

"Have you not heard? I wrote to you. She wished it."

"Heard? No. I have been moving about much of late. What is it? How is Bertha?"

"She died—two months ago."

"Dead! Bertha?"

It was all I could gasp.

He caught my arm, and led me gently to a seat. "I was too abrupt. I am sorry. I do not think I quite realised that you did not know."

It is strange how small things intrude into the large ones of life. My eye fell accidentally on his hand, and the question burst from me: "Was she happy?" I had no hidden thought at the moment—why I said it I could not tell, but it broke from me without will or intention. Yet the instant it was uttered I knew that I had always wondered and feared.

He looked at me in surprise, but no offence. "I suppose so—I hope so. God knows I tried to make her so."

"How was it? Tell me," I said brokenly. "If it will not hurt you to speak."

"No; I shall like to talk about her to you. She thought a great deal of you." He paused, staring straight ahead. "She was never very strong, but there was nothing particular the matter until several months

THE TRAGEDY OF HABIT

after our marriage. Then I found that she was not well; she was restless, nervous, and irritable—though never with me—and little things seemed to try her. I noticed it first by seeing that when she read in the evening she usually sat with her elbows on the table, and her hands over her ears, holding her head, and when I questioned her she said that noise troubled her. I had her examined by a specialist, greatly against her will, but all he said was that her nerves were in a highly sensitive condition, and that she must be kept quiet. He asked if there were any special trouble or worry in her life, but I knew of none."

He paused, steadying his voice. I sat, clasping my hands tightly together, still shaking with the shock of the unexpected news. Suddenly came a sharp click. I suppose I heard it with my poor Bertha's jangled nerves, for I started violently and looked at him.

He reddened a little, and laughed drearily. "I beg your pardon. It is a bad habit of mine. She used to tease me about it when we were engaged and first married, but afterwards she never mentioned it. I suppose she got used to it."

I looked at him again. He spoke listlessly, but with evident honesty, believing what he said. "Well?" I asked, in a low tone.

"She was very unwell before our baby was born—not ill, but thoroughly depressed in health and spirits. A short time before the event I was obliged to go away for a month. I was very sorry, but business had to be done. She was very good about it, and did not fret. In fact, to my surprise, she seemed to improve a good deal, and looked much brighter for a short time after my return, but it was only a flash, and very soon she was as bad as before."

Again I looked at him, and again saw that he realised nothing of the meaning of his words. Once more came that little irritating sound, and this time I clutched my hands together, conscious of a wild desire, which

yet seemed not to be my own, but another's, to say something, to do something—anything to stop it. I began mechanically counting till the snap came, and then starting again—worried when it came too often, and on the rack when it delayed.

"After the child was born I hoped she would grow stronger, but her improvement was very slow. I was with her as much as possible. I believed she suffered horribly, though the doctors could not understand it. Sometimes she used to lie quiet for a long time with her hands clenched, or pressed to her head. At others she was fidgety and uneasy, occasionally breaking out into low exclamations. Once she lost consciousness, and the nurse would not let me stay in the room—she said she seemed worse when I was present—that I seemed to make her restless. How could I!—how could I! I would have done anything!"

He was speaking slowly and heavily, with pauses every few words, and each time came that sharp, nerve-racking click, which I was hearing with other ears than my own.

"But, still, though slowly, she was improving, and if the child had lived I think all would have been well—but it did not. The frail baby life flickered—and went out. It was very sudden—and the shock was too great for her in her weak condition. She lingered a little time—but never really rallied. Once she begged my pardon for all her impatience and irritability—but she had never shown any—never to me—never once! There had never been an angry word between us. I could not bear it now if—if——"

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and, without a word of farewell, left me. I watched him as he went, looking ten years older than he had done on his happy wedding-day—with his step slow and dragging, his head bent, and his heart aching bitterly for the wife he had loved—and tortured.

The tragedy of it! The utter farcical absurdity of it! And yet again—the tragedy of it!





THE HUT IN THE CLEARING.

By J. Gair.

HOT CROSS BUNS AND EASTER CAKES

A Seasonable Article for the Home Department

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

FROM time immemorial the various festivals of the year have been more or less intimately connected with some particular branch of the culinary art. Sometimes this takes the form of a special cake, at others a pudding; one occasion demands a certain savory preparation, and at another stated time we should feel neglected if some item prescribed by unwritten law were not forthcoming on a particular date.

Lent is associated with several quaint usages relating to food, and the housewife, whether she rules a castle or cottage, must comply with the demand. Shrove Tuesday calls for pancakes; Mid-Lent Sunday for *furmety* or *frumety* (a kind of pudding made of hulled wheat, raisins and currants, moistened with eggs and milk); Simnel cakes are first eaten on this day also, and on the following Sunday, Carling Sunday, a mess of boiled beans or peas is always consumed in some Gloucestershire villages.

On Good Friday we eat hot cross buns, and for Easter Day quite a number of dishes are expected to appear. Lamb is the joint proper to the occasion, although the accepted accompaniments of mint sauce and green peas are not always ready. Tradition has it that our forefathers finished the meal with green gooseberry tart, the fruit for which must surely have been preserved by one of those skilful arts practised by our great-grandmothers, from the previous year's crop.

In certain counties saffron and special Easter cakes are made, and woe betide the housewife who forgets to bake a batch of these dainties to celebrate the festival!

There is a distinct advantage in conforming with these customs of old-world origin, and the housewife is generally only too glad to conform to a regulation that saves her some thought and at the same time pleases the family. Recipes for these good things are often handed down from mother to daughter, and in these days of rush from country to town and vice versa, the customs once re-

stricted to a certain small area have either become almost universal or quite obsolete. All the recipes which I record in this article have been culled from carefully preserved tomes; some are written in the neat, precise calligraphy of a great-great-grandam, while others are printed on paper turned yellow with age, but they are all interesting and practical, and will, I feel sure, be of use to those of my readers who are looking for reliable recipes for seasonable dainties.

Hot Cross Buns

There are several varieties of hot cross buns, some of them being nothing more than spiced bread, baked in the correct, marked form; these are suitable for breakfast, nursery, and kitchen. When the buns are to grace the more important tea-table, a paste of richer construction may be preferred.

Buns made from Plain Bread Dough

Take 2 lb. dough (prepared according to the recipe given on page 71 of the November, 1913, number of *THE QUIVER*) and put it on a floured board. Work into it 6 oz. brown sugar, 2 oz. clarified dripping, 4 oz. washed and dried currants, half a nutmeg (finely grated), and, if liked, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. powdered mace. Knead well and divide the dough into twenty portions. Shape each piece into a bun, mark with the back of a knife, brush over with melted butter, and place on a greased baking sheet. Stand the sheet on the plate rack or in a warm place free from draughts for a quarter of an hour, so that the buns may finally "rise," then bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes.

N.B.—The temperature of the oven is an important factor in the production of light, wholesome buns. If it is too hot the outside of the buns becomes hard and dry before the inside is cooked, while a cool oven is almost worse, because the dough, warmed and light from its last "rising," at once saddens and becomes tough, and is neither good to look upon nor to eat.

THE QUIVER

Another Plain Recipe

Put 2 lb. sieved flour into a basin with $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter. Rub the fat and flour together with the tips of the fingers until it is powdery and looks like the finest breadcrumbs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt. Take a wineglassful of brewer's yeast and mix it with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints fresh, slightly warmed milk. Make a well in the centre of the flour and stir the liquor in until a light batter is formed. Cover the basin and stand it in a warm place until the surface is covered with tiny cracks and the dough has risen considerably. Then work in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, the same quantity currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ grated nutmeg, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mace and cinnamon pounded together. When well mixed turn the dough on to a floured board and knead. Divide into portions, shape into buns, cross with the back of a knife, brush with milk or melted butter, and bake on greased sheets for twenty minutes.

Richer Buns made with German Yeast

Rub $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter into 2 lb. flour, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. each of powdered cinnamon and mace. (The spices can be bought ready ground, but a fuller flavour is obtained if they are bought whole and reduced to powder just before they are used.) Beat 2 eggs thoroughly and stir in a pint (good measure) of fresh milk. Put 2 oz. German yeast into a basin and mix it to a paste with a teaspoonful brown sugar, then add the milk and eggs. Make a well in the centre of the flour, pour in the liquor, and first mix, then knead, to a light dough. Cover and leave for two hours. When the dough has risen, work in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, divide into suitable portions, shape and mark, place on greased baking sheets to rise, then brush with milk and bake for fifteen to twenty minutes according to the size of the buns.

Hot Cross Buns suitable for Schools or Institutions

Ingredients: 5 lb. flour, 3 oz. yeast, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. dripping, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each currants and sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of powdered mace and cinnamon.

The addition of 2 or 3 eggs makes a vast improvement to these buns. In the event of these being used, less milk, about $\frac{3}{4}$ pint, will be sufficient.

Put the milk and water into a saucepan

and let them heat to a temperature of 90 degrees. Beat the eggs and add them to the warm liquor. Blend the yeast with the sugar and add the milk, water, and eggs. Stir thoroughly and pour into $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour. Cover and stand in a warm place for three hours. Rub the dripping into the remainder of the flour, add the fruit and spices. The mixture must be mixed very thoroughly, otherwise it will be strongly flavoured in parts and not at all in others. At the expiration of the "rising" process, knead the sponge and other ingredients together, then leave again for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Divide into portions, brush with milk, place on greased baking sheets and bake for twenty minutes.

We will now pass on to the subject of seasonal cakes.

Simmel cake—everyone knows the origin of this delicious compound—makes its appearance for Mothering or Mid-Lent Sunday, and the custom, once prevalent in the adjoining counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire only, has now permeated the whole of England. It is composed of a spiced fruit mixture, enriched with layers of almond paste, and decorated with *glacé* cherries, chocolates, sugared almonds, and other toothsome goodies.

One of the oldest—and like most old recipes very vague—is as follows:

"She who would a Simmel make,
Flour and saffron first must shake;
Candy, spices, eggs, must take,
Chop and pound till arms do ache.
Then must boil and then must bake,
For a crust too hard to break.
When at Mid-Lent she doth wake,
To her mother bear her cake,
Who will prize it for her sake."

A Simmel cake need not be very rich, and here is a more practical recipe, which hails from Lancashire:—

Ingredients: 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fine sieved flour, 1 oz. yeast, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. clarified dripping (or half butter and half lard), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, the same quantity of spice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mixed candied peel, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, 5 eggs. For the almond paste: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground almonds, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. castor sugar, the whites of 2 eggs, and a little rose-water.

Dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm milk. Rub the fat into the flour, and mix with the fruit, candied peel and spice. Break the eggs separately and work them into the dry

HOT CROSS BUNS AND EASTER CAKES

ingredients, lastly adding the yeast. Butter a large cake tin (or two medium ones) and bake.

To make the paste, pound the almonds with the rose-water, whisk the whites of the eggs stiffly, and stir them to the sugar and almonds. When the cake has become cold after the baking, spread the paste over. Sometimes the whole of the paste is placed on the top of the cake, and a border made by pricking and raising the mixture with the prongs of a large fork. A pretty way to decorate the cake is to use only half of the paste in this way, and to form the rest into little balls which are rolled in sugar and placed round the edge of the cake. After the almond paste has been applied the cake should be stood for a time in a cool oven to dry.

A Richer Simnel Cake

Ingredients: 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. flour, 1 lb. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied peel, teaspoonful baking powder, flavouring of any approved spices, 6 eggs. For the paste: 1 lb. crushed almonds, 1 lb. icing sugar, 2 eggs. Make the icing as previously directed, using the yolks and whites of the eggs beaten together, and divide it into two portions.

Cream together the sugar and butter, stir in the flour, add the fruits, baking powder and spice, and mix to a light paste with the well-beaten eggs. Butter a cake tin liberally and fill it with alternate layers of cake mixture and almond paste, reserving one portion of the latter for decorating the top of the cake. Bake in a slow oven for $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. In some of the districts where Simnel cakes are popular a tablespoonful of raspberry jam is inserted in the centre of the cake before it is cooked.

A Saffron Easter Cake

In the West Country saffron is one of the principal ingredients of Easter cakes.

I quote a recipe for the benefit of those who are partial to this flavouring:

"Rub 8 lumps of sugar on the rinds of four oranges, and pound them. Mix the flavoured sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful each ground allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, a dessertspoonful salt, and 1 lb. castor sugar. Beat to a cream $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter; whisk the whites of 8 eggs to a stiff froth, and then add to the creamed butter; beat the yolks, and add them gradually to the previously mixed seasonings, etc. Lastly mix in 2 lb. currants, 1 lb. chopped candied peel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sieved flour, and 1 gill milk. Have ready a sheet of paste made from flour and water highly coloured with saffron. (The saffron is bought at the chemist's and diluted with water to the required shade of yellow.) Spread a pudding cloth well scalded and floured over a basin, spread the paste on it to form a mould. Pour in the mixture, secure it with the paste and cloth, remove it from the basin and boil for three hours. Remove the cloth, and when the cake is nearly cold bake it in a slow oven until the paste is hard. When sufficiently cooked remove the paste while still hot."

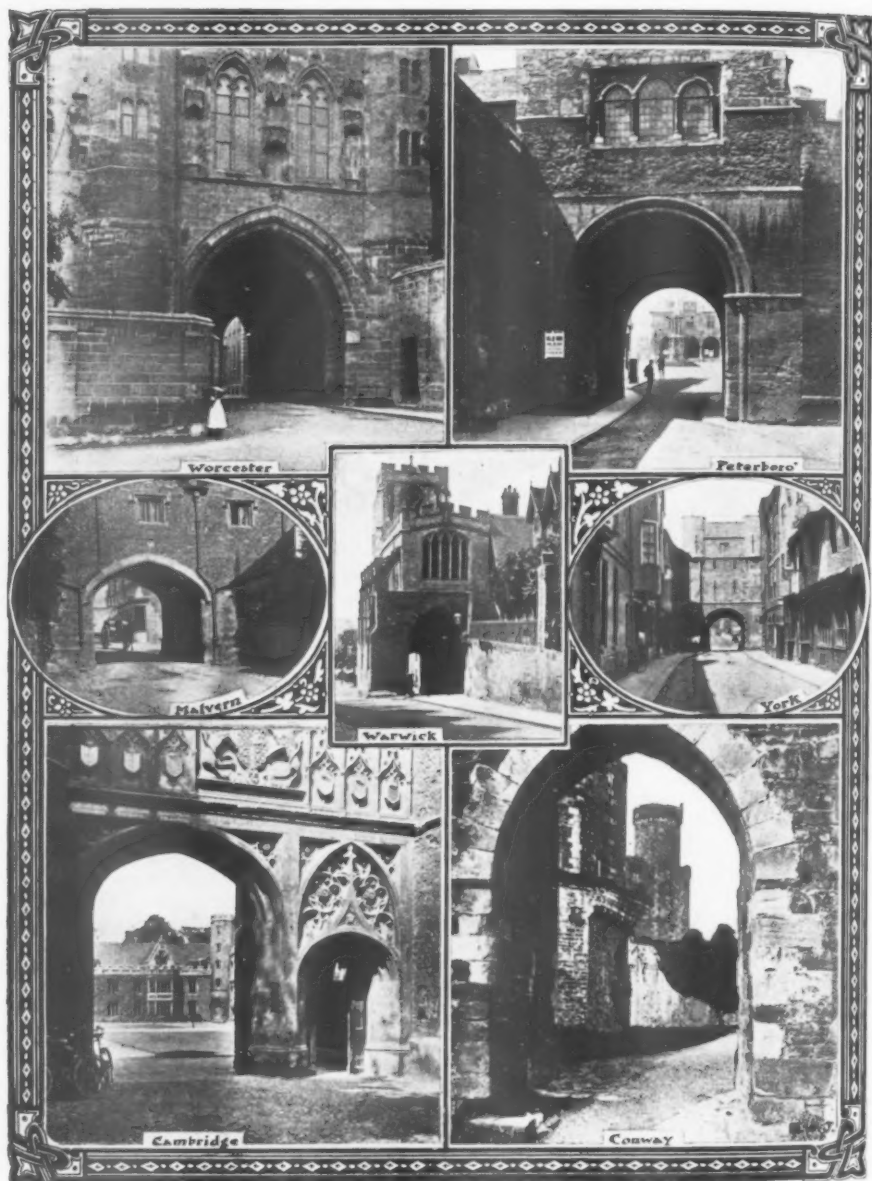
A New Recipe

This recipe for a Bury Simnel cake (this variety of Simnel is not baked in a cake tin) was recently sent to me by a reader of THE QUIVER:—

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. castor sugar, 8 oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. currants, 2 oz. Valentia raisins, 2 oz. sultanas, 1 oz. mixed peel, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mixed spice, pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder. Rub the butter into the flour, add the dry ingredients. Mix very stiffly with beaten egg. Form into a round cake about 1 inch in thickness and place on a well-greased tin. Brush over with beaten egg, decorate with citron, and bake in a slow oven for 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When baked strew castor sugar over and decorate with pink and white sugared almonds.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages, but a stamped envelope must be enclosed. Address—"Mrs. St. Clair, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C."





Some Picturesque and
Historic Gateways.

Photos by
E. W. Jackson.



The Meaning of the Pattern

THOSE who—like many of my women readers—engage in fancy work that requires prolonged and minute attention, know what it is to lose all sense of the general effect of the pattern through the microscopic study of the individual rows or stitches. It is necessary time after time to hold the work at a distance so as to get a grasp of its meaning as a whole. Close application to the small details renders the eye almost incapable of taking in the pattern as a whole. A rest, a change of posture, a new vision are necessary in order once more to sense the ordered pattern.



The Design on a Larger Scale

IT is much the same with life in the workaday world: we are so absorbed in the trifling details that make up the daily existence of so many of us that we are in danger of losing sight of what life, in its larger, greater issues, means. We are so absorbed in the stitches that we fail to observe the trend of the pattern. If they serve no other purpose, the festivals of the Church—Lent, Easter, Whitsun, Christmas—give us an opportunity for putting the trivial labours aside, for resting the tired eyes, for taking the wider view of things, and getting a new vision of life and its meaning. More than any other time, Easter should afford us an occasion of this sort. Whether we be absorbed in church controversies, or home problems, political tangles, or business worries; whether we are agitated by Kikuyu or the nearer, more pressing business of dressmaking or wage-earning, we ought to force our eyes away from the familiar, and bring our mind once more to the scheme of things and the central realities.



The Impossible Resurrection

WE all generally agree upon the facts of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, though, when it comes to interpreta-

tion, theories are as varied as are the number of our different churches. The individual, too, when he thinks deeply about the matter, will not be slow in conceiving difficulties. Frankly, the resurrection from the dead strikes the ordinary observer as being incredible. We can even sympathise with the Grecians to whom Paul the missionary spoke. They listened with curiosity until the resurrection of the dead was mentioned, and then the manifest impossibility of the proposition moved them to mirth rather than anger.



The Recurrence of the Incredible

THE resurrection of the dead—on which so much of our faith hangs—is incredible. But so, too, is the resuscitation of the crocus, the revival of the daffodil bulb, the miracle of the hyacinth that we have all witnessed this spring. Frankly I should be inclined to laugh if—without previous experience—I were told that the bare roots of the peonies could produce a flower so splendid. A garden is a great aid to faith, though often a sore test of a man's imagination. Every springtime that I put a tiny seed into the ground the dominant thought that possesses me is the utter impossibility of its growing up. I have something of the same scepticism about, say, a rose plant, but the manifest impossibility of a tiny seed producing a large flower according to predetermined specifications is so apparent as to be almost ludicrous. . . . Yet it does! To tell the truth, we are living in a world of miracles, and it is only the fact of the repetition of spring year by year that hides its incredibility from us. To me the unfolding of the leaf, bit by bit, the instinctive reaching out of a plant for light and air, the gradual unfolding of a flower, are so wonderful, so miraculous, as to compel belief in a Divine Intelligence and a Personal God. These things simply cannot happen by chance; there is a daily miracle all around us that necessitates the existence of a miraculous God.

THE QUIVER

The World of Miracles

NOW, I am not going to proceed to prove the Resurrection from the reawakening of spring—I quite appreciate the philosopher's objection that analogy is not argument. But this is a world of miracles; it is only the narrow-minded, unimaginative soul who can fail to perceive it. The Resurrection is no more incredible than the making of a tulip, nor, indeed, than the creation of the mind of any reader of these pages.



Life's Wonderful Unfolding

AND if we get a firm hold of the miracles of the past it is only one step on the way to the miracles of the future. I appreciate the fascination of crochet work, the gradual unfolding of the pattern in an elaborate piece of fancy work; I appreciate, though, like a man, I cannot understand! But I appreciate more the gradual development of life. Just as wonderful as the unfolding of the peony bud is the blossoming out of human life; just as incredible as the plot of the novelist is the piecing together of circumstances and the development of human life that result in the new and fascinating history of the period. In a word, as I believe in the Resurrection I want to believe in the unfolding and the development of the best in the human lives around me. I do believe in the survival of goodness, and the ultimate triumph of the best. Despite "impossibilities," I, for one, will attempt my daily task with a serene heart. The Easter prayer of all of us might be—not only that we may not lose faith, but that we may not lose the sense of wonder.



Is Church Union Possible?

IT is rather an effort to come down from the homily to the announcements; but will readers forgive, first, the presence of the former, and then the necessity of the latter? As illustrating what I have just tried to say about the continual wonder of developments, I might cite the case of the Churches of Scotland. The story of the Disruption is well known to most of us; its tales of heroism and courage are more familiar than the ecclesiastical developments that brought it about. Well, for some time now, the two Churches which fell away then have been carefully considering the question of reunion. The situation as I write is a very delicate one, and the utmost circumspection will be necessary on the part of all

concerned. But there is the possibility of union, and in May the issues will reach a crucial stage. I have asked one who was present at the memorable sessions of the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church last year, and who is familiar with the subject, to write an article describing exactly the present position of the negotiations, and what may be expected of the future. He has been fortunate enough to obtain the views of Lord Balfour of Burleigh and one or two other leaders, and this will make the opening feature of my next number.



Little Immoralities

THE other day there appeared in the papers an account of the trial of a man in the Government service who, by a rather clever trick, nearly succeeded in defrauding the Inland Revenue of a sum of money in connection with Income Tax rebate. He was sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and, of course, lost his position, his character—practically his all. We do not know whether to pity or to blame him most, and the law has constantly to deal with such as he. But what should be done with the woman who steals a farthing's-worth of sweets? Or the man who cheats the motor-bus company out of a halfpenny fare, or the person who fails to keep an appointment? Miss Amy Barnard has written a most interesting article for my next number on "Little Immoralities," and some of the revelations she makes are curious, to say the least.



Pass it On

SEVERAL letters have reached me lately from people who say that they have only just made the acquaintance of THE QUIVER, and wish that it had been introduced to them before. I have no doubt that thousands of others would be only too willing to join the number of our readers if they knew a little more about the magazine. The only way in which that can be brought about is for them to see a copy. Will readers kindly help me in this? I shall be pleased to send a free specimen copy of the magazine to the friends of any of my readers if application is made during the coming month. Please send me a post card, simply stating that your friend so and so does not subscribe to the magazine and you would like a specimen copy to be sent to him or her. I will see that one is forwarded.

The Editor

The COMPANION- SHIP PAGES

Conducted by *ALISON*



Photo: P. Webster.

Motto.
By Love Serve One Another

*How, When and
Where Corner,
April, 1914*

MY DEAR BOY AND GIRL FRIENDS.
Imagine April being here already! It seems only the other day you were sending me those piles of Christmas and New Year greetings, and wishing all sorts of good luck to our Corner in 1914. And here we are at the beginning of the fourth month of the year!

There is one winter afternoon experience of mine I think you will like to hear about. This is the first chance I have had of telling you. One Saturday, in the Church House at Westminster, the Farningham Home Boys entertained some of their friends with an exhibition of their Drill and Games, and gave us some delightful Music and "Acting." As I came along, under the shadow of our beautiful old Abbey, do you know what I was wishing? It was that I had with me a big crowd of you all—yes, you boys and girls from Jamaica and Australia, India and Canada, Wales and South Africa, Scotland, Ireland, China, and New Zealand, just a big, big band of us all going together to see the fun. I see I've left England out in that list, but, seriously, I do think next year we might perhaps have some seats booked for Members of our Companionship who are in or near enough to London to forgothear and go to the display together. If any of you really want to do this, you must please let me know in December—early, mind!—and I will talk to Mr. Roberts about it. You can see, as

the boys say, "jolly well!" in the shilling seats, and I have no doubt but that you would all enjoy the afternoon as much as I did a few weeks ago.

One of the prettiest sights was the coming on to the platform of a number of small boys who have been "adopted" by different Branches of the Young People's Union and others. They wore little white breeches and soft woolly jerseys, and every one looked very jolly and happy. Among the proudest was the little lad who carried "THE QUIVER Companionship" standard. And you may be sure that one person in the audience was glad she had a sort of little share in the laddie.

Afterwards he came and sat by me till the end of the entertainment. We had a nice little chat together, and then, when we were speaking to Mr. Roberts, he told us there were only two more minutes for Farningham Boys to get tea, and I could see that Philip was really hungry, so we had to hustle down corridors and staircases until, guided by the good smell of steaming tea, we found what we were seeking.

A kind master and a good-tempered waitress fell to work in response to my request, and I left Philip very happy over his tea-cup, and the excitement in prospect of a night journey in a "special train."

I've since received his report for last term; it is even better than the previous one, but I really can't spare room for it this month.

Doesn't it make you all happy, and want to work heaps harder for money for our

THE QUIVER

Fund? And you know I don't wish that we shall rest satisfied with what we are doing for our four protégés. Next September we shall be five years old as a Companionship, and I want to get ahead. I have other plans in my mind, but I dare not let even a whisper of them reach the Editorial Presence until our Fund has grown very very much larger and more secure!

That reminds me, I promised to say something more about

Our Special Effort Day

GIRLIE BUDD suggested in her last letter that our birthday month was the most suitable time. This, as you know, was what I thought, and what we decided. The best day, I fancy, will be SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH. Most of you will be home from your holiday visits, and not too busy with preparations for school. The others, if still away, will no doubt manage something.

I shall be very interested to hear from those of you who are planning already for this DAY, and will write some more of my thoughts another month. Only, please do get the red ink and a pen and mark it, SEPTEMBER 5TH, on your calendars, in your diaries, and wherever you make notes of things you want to remember. If each of all our hundreds of members sent on an average 1s. or 2s. 6d. as the result of some special effort or sacrifice, on that day, how quickly our income would mount up!

Now I wish you could just peep at my

Letter-Box

It is so crowded this month that I have just had to choose a handful of letters to read extracts from, and that's all. Our Letter Prize this month goes to LILLAS LAMB (aged 15, Aberdeen) for the following interesting account of her Finnish Holiday:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—THE QUIVER came on Saturday, the 21th, and I ran for it. And wasn't it funny?—I just opened it at the place where my name and letter were! I was simply delighted to see my name there.

"I know Peggy Allan, as she is at the same school. And do you remember her writing and saying a girl asked if it was the 'QUIVER' badge she wore? Well, I was that girl! I could not help asking her, as I saw it nearly every day, and it looked so like the picture in THE QUIVER. I am enclosing a 3s. postal order. I would like a 2s. 6d. badge, and the other 6d. is for the Fund. Now I think I will tell you about our Finland trip.

"On August 1st, 1913, we left Aberdeen by the 7.35 p.m. train, arriving at York about 4 o'clock in the morning. After breakfast we went and saw York Minster. (The man at the door wouldn't let us take our umbrellas inside, so we had to leave them in a small shop, where we paid 1d.) We saw the famous Rose Window, and the Five Sisters' Window. Next, we took a car, and saw Micklegate Bar. Then we walked on the walls of York, and got a train for Hull, where we arrived about 2 p.m. After

seeing part of the town we took a taxi down to the boat.

"We left Hull on the S.S. *Polaris* at 6.15, and were soon sailing down the Humber. We were sailing all Sunday, and on Monday afternoon we arrived at Copenhagen, after passing Elsinore—where the tragedy of *Hamlet* took place—and Hvidoré, Queen Alexandra's residence. We went ashore at once, and got stamps and post cards, and sat down on a seat in the Kongens Nytorv, and addressed them, after which we went and had tea in the Hotel d'Angleterre. We now went and did some shopping, got a car, and went to the other end of the town to Frederiksberg Havé, a beautiful park which was crowded. We were now about 7 miles from the ship, and we retraced our steps, took another car, and got back to the ship about 10 p.m.

"We were up about 7 o'clock next morning, and went to the Frue Kirke, where Thorwaldsen's statues are. The most important of these is a statue of Christ, and in front is a kneeling angel, holding a large shell-shaped basin. Then we went up to the top of the Runde Taarn, or Round Tower, where we got a splendid view of Copenhagen and its surroundings. We next came to the market-place, where we bought cherries. We then saw the Kaadhusplads, or Town Hall Square, the Amalienborg Palaces, and one or two churches, and we took a taxi down to the steamer (a woman driving us), and we left Copenhagen at 12 noon.

"On Wednesday we came to Slite, in the island of Gotthand, where we spent a couple of hours. That evening we sat a long time on deck watching the lightning flashing every minute.

"We were up about 5 a.m. on Thursday morning, to see the beautiful islands of the Skargaard, round the coast of Finland, and reached Abo before breakfast. We got off the ship, and drove in a Russian conveyance called a droshky, to our hotel about 2 miles distant. When we started, my! didn't the pony go, and hadn't we to hold on! I think our driver was wanting to overtake another droshky, which he did, but we still careered on. At last we got to the hotel, and were shown into a gorgeously fitted bedroom with a telephone, hot and cold water, lovely furniture, double door, and double windows, to keep out the cold in winter, and almost everything you can think of. Then we took a steamer to Lilla Bocken, a beautiful little island with a hotel on it. We had lunch there, and took the steamer back to Abo, where we went into the cathedral. Then we got dinner at 7 p.m., and went out again, saw part of Abo, and went to bed at 10 p.m. Next day we took another steamer to Naantali, another little village. In the afternoon we went and saw through an old castle with many interesting things in it. At night we went and had Russian tea at the Sampaalinnä, a big restaurant on a hill-side. We went to the top of the hill and got a lovely view of Abo. We now returned to the hotel, gathered our luggage, and drove in a droshky to the ship, which left at 4 a.m. next day.

"In four hours we arrived at Hangö, the Brighton of Finland, and saw through the town, which exports a great quantity of butter. Then at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we had to say, 'Good-bye, Finland,' or, in Finnish, 'Hyvsti Suomi,' and next day (Sunday) we arrived at Slite again. That left behind, we again came to Copenhagen, visiting a second time the Frue Kirke. We left Denmark at midday, passing Elsinore, and arrived at Hull on the 13th of August, and got home next evening, after, I need hardly tell you, a very enjoyable holiday.

"I am afraid this is a very long letter, but I, perhaps, may not be able to write for some time, as I have a good many lessons just now.

"I forgot to mention that I received the pretty membership card, and I thank you very much for it. Also, please send a brooch badge.

"I will now close, wishing our Corner every success.—I remain, your sincere friend, LILLAS LAMB."

"When bread is baked, some parts are split at the surface, and these split parts are beautiful, and in a peculiar way excite a desire for eating."

—MARCUS AURELIUS
—Roman Emperor.

How this wise old Roman would have enjoyed

Grape Nuts

The bread of the Romans was *whole* wheat bread. That was centuries before millers, in order to make flour white, began robbing it of the inner shell of the wheat containing the vital mineral phosphates.

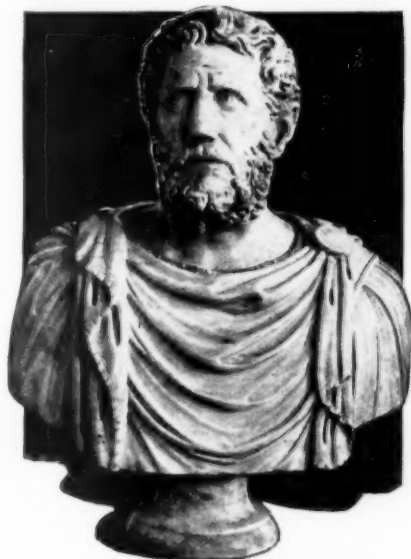
Many present-day foods lack these mineral elements, and the lack is largely responsible for various ailments.

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Grape-Nuts food is delicious and wonderfully nourishing.

"There's a Reason"



Emperor Marcus Aurelius.



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—Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D.

A Mother's Testimony: Mrs. J. Kays, 1 Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes: "DOCTOR — ADVISED ME TO GIVE MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD YOUR NEAVE'S FOOD. I have reason to be grateful to my Doctor for his advice, because I have never lost a night's rest with any of my children, and they have cut their teeth without any trouble. Your Food also does away with all need of medicine and castor oil." —22nd August, 1912.

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Dr. J. C. M.D., F.R.H., Public Health Laboratories, London, reports: "When diluted with 8 to 10 parts of water the mixture would closely resemble human milk in composition. The fat would thus be about 4 per cent. This is very satisfactory."

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THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

ALLISON LAIDLAW sent me his gift for our Fund, and expressed the wish that 1914 might see "an increase in our family. Perhaps," he says, "this year will see more than one added to our 'quartet.'" He was then very busy "reading-up photography," as he was going to buy a camera before the summer. I shall hope for some of Allison's pictures.

MOLLY WALLIS says:

"During last term we were having a rehearsal for a little play that was going to be acted at the end of the term, when some of the scenery caught fire, and if some of the bigger girls had not been able to put it out, there might have been a very serious fire."

We are all glad the bigger girls "kept cool." The great thing at such a time is for *everybody* to keep perfectly cool. Even one tiny child may help to keep lots of grown-up people safe by not looking frightened.

I have two letters from ERIC KING-TURNER. In one of them he has sent a gift for our Fund. About the other you shall hear presently.

MRS. GREGORY wrote to me an exceedingly kind note, with another of her gifts. She said she had been helpless with rheumatism, and was going to Matlock, hoping to get better. We hope she did, and quickly.

I was so delighted when the same post brought me two letters from Macduff. If I get to Scotland this year I shall certainly try to go round that way and find out what has become of everybody.

GLADYS WEST, who is one of the writers of the letters referred to, says that some of the "Companions" are away to business in other towns. She was just as much interested as ever in our Corner, and she thought the opening of Mrs. de Horne Vaizey's new serial "splendid."

BANNIE LYALL has got us a new recruit in Macduff—BESSIE GORDON (aged 14). Welcome, Bessie! Please write to me soon. Bannie was very busy with lessons, music, and other things.

Another Scottish note that gave me pleasure was from ROBERT WALKER's mother (New Deer).

"I enclose," she says, "1s., as Robert's subscription for this year. My children enjoy your pages, and I trust you may be long spared to continue your good work for them. With good wishes to all the members. —Yours sincerely, M. WALKER."

This kind of cheer-up does us all good, doesn't it? I shall hope for a printed letter soon from Robert himself.

I've had several surprises lately that have been delightful: letters from members who had been put on that "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed" List I spoke about. One of these was from DORA BLADES.

"My brother and I," she says, "are very pleased

we are getting on so well. He says I must thank you very much for your nice letter. We are very glad that the children in Canada are getting on well."

Then ENID FELIX wrote:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am sorry I've not written to you for such a long time, but I am in a higher form, and I have more lessons to do. I have one pet—a canary—and he sings very sweetly. I tried in a Drawing Examination last year and passed with Honours, so I had a certificate. I go to a Welsh chapel and a Welsh Sunday school, as I am Welsh. But I was born in Birmingham. I am sending a shilling for a badge—a pendant, please."

JOHN BARTLE writes:

"DEAR ALISON,—It seems a very long time since I wrote to you. In October I got moved up into Standard IVA. I got moved up two standards in the year 1913. . . . I have moved up a class at Sunday school, and went in for the Scripture Examination and gained 96 marks out of 100."

We congratulate John on his series of successes and hope he will continue. At the end of his note, ANNIE added just this line:

"DEAR ALISON,—I shall be writing to you soon, but I am very busy at present. I got 'Jane Eyre' and 'The Lamplighter' for my prizes. Have you read them?—Yours, with love."

Yes, Annie, I remember hours of keen delight over "The Lamplighter," and I think "Jane Eyre" is one of the books which you, like myself, will come to look upon as one of the treasures of your library.

The next letter is signed "I remain your loving but undutiful Companion." Poor Freda (FREDA CARTWRIGHT)! Evidently she was feeling conscience-stricken when she wrote. I was delighted to have her note, and quite forgive the long gap between her letters. I know "that Christmas makes a lot of writing," as she says, and some other times do also! She was rejoicing in having had some fun, sliding, snow-balling, and sleighing.

A most interesting letter from ARTHUR SMART comes next. He enclosed 2s. for our Fund. He had been reading our Monthly Letter, and was very glad we have a fourth protégé.

"It is a grand work which is being accomplished," says he. "We had a box placed in our Football club-room one or two weeks preceding Christmas, and part of the proceeds was devoted to our scheme. The other part went for a Christmas charity. Nine-pence was raised in this way for the Fund. Of course the amount is small, but the spirit which prompted the gift in the club-room may make up for the value. In future I shall not send a quarterly subscription, as I have hitherto done, but shall just send gifts at irregular times."

I am sure we, each one of us, have an immense appreciation of the spirit which led to that gift, and we should like Arthur to tell his chums so. Perhaps some of you other boys and girls can follow suit. Fancy! a penny paid over by every player in every

THE QUIVER

successful hockey or football match or lawn tennis our members took part in in a season would bring in a nice little sum, wouldn't it? Thank you, Arthur, for telling me about your subscription. It is very disappointing when you have relied upon regular gifts, and they do not turn up.

CATHY GARDNER sends me a long and interesting letter, and has a new member for us. She is ELLA BUDD (West Anstruther, aged 12), and Ella tells me there will probably be another recruit soon. We are delighted to welcome Ella.

A new member in India is KRIPASHANKER (aged 17, Jubbulpore). I wish we had more regular letters from our Indian members.

Another new member is TOM WOODS (aged 14, Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I.).

BESSIE HAIR (aged 11, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham) writes:

"DEAR ALISON,—I often read the H.W.W.C., and I think it is very interesting, and what nice letters your Companions write, so at last I have decided to become a member."

J. McCALLUM ANDERSON (aged 10, Selkirk) is a new Scottish member. He says he has two brothers, Robert and Kenneth, and he is in the Senior Sixth at school, and "getting on fine."

MRS. BERWICK sent me a nice note from her Jamaica home, and a P.O. for 5s. for our Fund. And an invitation I should like very much to accept at once, to visit her.

I wish there were room for EILEEN NELSON's long letter from Melbourne, but there isn't to-day, nor for that sent from the same place by MARJORIE K. GRIFFITHS, nor for INEZ AGULAK's long one from Jamaica. All of you who don't get quoted know that I have enjoyed every one of your letters. How I should miss them if they didn't come! ESSYLIT PRITCHARD, too, I must thank for another interesting letter, and ELSIE HIBBERD, who enclosed 5s. for the Fund. Another new West Indian member I should have told you of is ARTHUR M. HAMLYN (aged 9, Port of Spain, Trinidad). EMILY RAMSAY sent me a nice note, and a gift of 6d. for our Fund. IDA and ENID JONES renew their quarterly subscription. KATHLEEN PERRY expressed her pleasure in her prize.

"I intend contributing to the Fund soon," she says, "but I am absolutely 'stony broke' at present. Please do have a Short Story Competition soon."

ARTHUR AYLWARD says that his father has a retriever dog that likes going shooting.

"If he sees daddy go off with his gun and does not take him, he howls and kicks up a fuss for about an hour."

DORIS TROTT writes:

"We had a little concert some time ago, and now

I am able to send you 4s. for our boys and girls. I hope we shall be able to keep another boy or girl this year. Are you having fogs in London? It is really nice weather here now. I do wish you could come to North Devon in the spring. It is refreshing to see the primroses and violets after the storms."

DAISY MUNRO was distressed because her mother was ill.

"To-day," she says, "she is quite bright, and was actually looking through THE QUIVER after the doctor went out. She was very pleased to see Alison thought I deserved a prize."

I hope, and so do we all, Daisy, that your mother is now quite recovered.

BETTY McCANDLISH was one of the truant friends who wrote again:

"Please do not think my silence means that I am not interested, for I still read our pages with as much zest as ever. I am so glad that our children are getting on so nicely. And how our numbers are growing! It is so nice reading about so many members each month."

Betty sent a gift for the Fund, and I register her promise of "another long letter soon."

I was so glad to hear again from VERA HARDING. You will all join me, I know, in sending to her loving sympathy because she lost her dear father. I told Vera of this in a private letter to her, where I could say so much better than here what I want to say. Vera has the most interesting hobby of wild-flower collecting. I hope she will be joining in one of our competitions soon.

A long letter and a gift for our Fund, and a short letter and a photograph of herself in her native Chinese costume, come from DOROTHY LIM (South China). I must quote from them next month. I hope you will see the picture soon.

That dear loyal little Canadian, KATHLEEN COLLYER, sent me her Collecting Book with \$2 75 cents. That means, you know, 11s. 3d. She says:

"I kept the book to ask my uncles, aunts, and cousins if they would give me some money on Christmas Day. I think that a Special Effort Day would be lovely. Dorothy and I both hope that 1914 will be very prosperous for the Corner. Kind regards from mother and daddy, and best wishes for the New Year from us all.—Yours lovingly, KATHLEEN COLLYER."

I forgot to mention NANSI FELIX's letter when I told you about Enid's. She was just off to boarding-school in Wales. They had been to Brighton for a holiday. I wish I could quote her description of Rottingdean; she sent me a little water-colour sketch of a part which I know very well. It made me quite wish to get on the top of the cliffs there for a good blow.

AGNES HAWKE sends me a long letter about her own daily experiences and some public affairs in New Zealand, for which I was most grateful.

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

WINNIE WOOD enclosed 7s. 6d. for the Fund, part of which she earned by being a carol-singer in her treet on Christmas Day.

IRENE KNIGHT was another who wrote after a long silence, to my delight.

MARION RIMMER tells of her arrival in Canada, and I must report to you next month.

ANNIE BALLINGALL, ANNIE DOBSON, MARTHA REID, GWEN AGUILAR, DORIS PARKER, CATHERINE COLLISON, and BERTHA TYRRELL are among others whom I must thank specially for letters or gifts. And JOHN GRAY (aged 9, Helensburgh) is another new member to whom you must say greetings.

Competition News

The Juniors sent me some nice letters about Birds. I am giving the prize to ERIC KING-TURNER (aged 8, Folkestone). His letter is very neat and well written. Honourable Mention must be given to HERIOT HUGHES and to ALLISON LAIDLAW. (The latter was over age, though.)

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I am so glad you have asked us to write about birds, because I love the dear little things. I enjoy watching them and their funny little ways. All birds are knowing and clever, but some more so than others. In the summer I saw a song thrush carry a snail in its shell close to a stone, and dash it again and again against the stone until the shell was smashed to pieces. Then the thrush ate the snail for his breakfast. Wasn't that clever?"

"I have cut a piece from a coco-nut and hung it up in a tree in our garden, and every day many birds pop in and have a nibble. Sometimes I put a piece of fat in, and the birds do so like it, especially the tomits. I cannot write any more because I am so tired.—With love from ERIC KING-TURNER."

I was disappointed at receiving only two character sketches, so I shall not give any prizes, as they were not enough for competition. Perhaps we will have a similar competition on different lines before long. Meanwhile

For Senior Competitors

I am constantly being asked for story-

writing competitions. So here is one. Write the best summer story you can in 900 words. The scene *must* be laid at the seaside or among the mountains. The story may be either humorous, tragic, or what you wish. But I want exceedingly good work. Remember our rules. Stories must reach me by June 30th. This will give every member ample time for work of which he or she may feel unashamed.

Also, in case any essayists prefer a different competition, you may take any event in history you fancy, and try to show me its influence on our life of to-day. This will be for those who like to read history in this most interesting fashion—linking together the past and the present. You may have 900 words also, and the same date.

Will the Juniors try one of these:

(a) To draw and paint, or draw in pen or pencil only, a picture of part of the place they spent last year's summer holiday in? They may look at pictures "to remind" themselves, but all the work sent in must be their own. Pictures must not be *larger* than 12 inches by 6 inches, and may be smaller. The name of the place is to be printed on the front, and the painter's name, age, and address written on the back.

(b) Write me a letter about "The Things I Pass as I go to School." If you do not go to school every day, write about what you see on your way to church, or when out for a walk with mother. I want to see what beautifully neat letters and what excellent handwriting you can send me. Do not be later in sending than June 30th, will you, please?

Don't forget I am looking for letters, and hope you will send me more than ever this month.

With love to everybody, believe me to be,
Your Companion Friend,

Alison.

RULES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The Coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:

- (a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. Postal Order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

HOW TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

A New Occupation for Women

THERE is a great desire to-day, especially on the part of the younger members of the community, to leave the beaten track, and to try and turn to account one of the many new occupations which have been developed by the conditions of modern life.

Amongst these occupations Advertisement Writing takes a high place, as its possibilities are endless and embrace so many different forms of talent, while its rewards are distinctly remunerative, and it is one of the things in which sex is no bar to success; indeed, on consulting a lady who has made a great success as an advertisement writer (and her speciality—motor tyres—is far from being a feminine one), she was most enthusiastic as to the suitability of the calling for women—their adaptability, their quickness to seize an idea, their power of judging exactly how an article will appeal to the public, being all valuable assets in this profession. But however true the "flair" for this work, nothing is to be attained without serious study and steady, hard work.

How to Train

If a girl can afford, she will save herself much time and trouble by entering a good correspondence school, and learning the technique of advertising. To this she must add rapid and accurate shorthand and typewriting; and here let me say what my informant insisted on most strongly—that it is useless to take up this work unless a girl is really well-educated; indeed, the wider and sounder the culture the greater the success in all probability, but education is, and must be, the foundation-stone on

which future success as an advertisement writer will be built.

The girl who cannot afford to train at a correspondence school might take a post at one of the large typewriting companies on the "temporary staff." The pay will not be high, but she will be sent out to different offices who need temporary clerks, and in a few months she will have picked up a sound knowledge of business routine. Or, better still, perhaps she could, as soon as she is a really proficient shorthand-typist, enter the office of an up-to-date advertising agent's, where it will be her own fault if she does not in time become an expert advertisement writer.

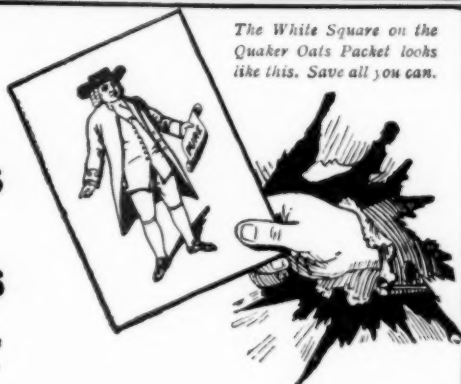
Of course, if she could manage a course of correspondence training concurrently with her office experience it would be best, but it means steady, hard work and close application, and unless she masters the technique she will never attain success.

When Proficient

Proficiency, as I have pointed out, is not a matter of a few months' training, but of years of steady, hard, and most interesting work. The girl who—like my informant—has entered an advertising agent's with the idea of using her wits, will in time master the details, for the business side of advertising includes preparation of schemes, the buying of space, and filling it attractively; it includes poster work, sign work, preparation of novelties, and circularising in general; in fact, advertising enters into practically every branch. Then, again, it is a constantly changing business (which is one reason, perhaps, why it appeals to women), and the advertiser must follow, if she does not direct.

Free Cookers and 3,133 Cash Prizes

(The Cooker offer applies only to those residing in the United Kingdom).



The White Square on the Quaker Oats Packet looks like this. Save all you can.

ASK YOUR GROCER for the Coupon that counts as five white squares and explains how you can get a Free Cooker at once. It also gives full details of Cash Prizes.

There is yet time to go in for the great Quaker Oats Cash Prize Competition and also to secure one of the Famous Quaker Oats Quick-heating Cookers FREE. Particulars in every packet of

Quaker Oats

*It has bigger advantages than
ever in this day of high prices*

———Economy was always a great advantage of Quaker Oats. Therefore it is almost a duty for you to buy this nourishing food which has not increased in price.

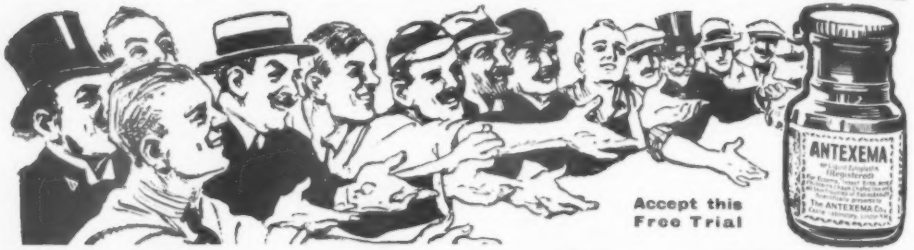
———In Quaker Oats you have the *cream* of the world's oats at less cost than that of the poorest quality of some other foods.

———Cook as directed on the Packet and no other food goes further or is so delicious and appetising. 40 Meals for Sixpence.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

If your grocer has none of the Special Coupons tell him he can obtain a supply by writing Quaker Oats Ltd., 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Buy the Best Food—Get a Free Cooker—Win a Cash Prize



Accept this
Free Trial

Rid Yourself of Skin Illness

You'LL never know what a wonderful remedy Antexema is till you try it. That's why we offer a Free bottle to every skin sufferer. Prove the virtues of Antexema at once. You may have suffered from eczema for years; Antexema will cure you. You are so tormented by skin trouble that you are wretched all day and sleepless at night. Antexema instantly stops all irritation. You have pimples or a rash on your face, which makes you ashamed to meet your friends, and your business chances are injured. Antexema gives every skin complaint immediate notice to quit. Get Antexema for your child's skin ailment, and it will soon be gone. You are made wretched by a bad leg or bad hands that seem to be incurable. What you want is Antexema, and the moment you use it you will know what a

miraculous remedy it is. The first application of Antexema starts your cure. Send for it to-day.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Timothy White's, Taylors' Drug Co., and Lewis & Burrows' at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or post free, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

QUIVER, April, 1914.



TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own home.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature and possess several exclusive advantages, such as—

Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Adjustable Heat; Heat Regulator; the Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet; Exit is easy and immediate—no assistant is required; Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. B 24), 171 New Bond St., London, W.

S. DAVIS & CO., LTD., LONDON'S OLDEST FURNISHERS.

CASH OR CREDIT.

Furnish by Our System, The EASIEST of Easy Terms.

DINING
AND
DRAWING
ROOM
SUITES
IN GREAT
VARIETY
FROM

£6-6-0



EVERYTHING
FOR THE
HOME
SUPPLIED.

SEND FOR
OUR NEW
ILLUSTRATED
GUIDE TO
FURNISHING,
NOW READY.

Cabinets, Sideboards, Bedsteads and Bedding.
92-94 HIGH STREET, BOROUGH, LONDON, E.C.

And 144-146 THE GROVE, STRATFORD.

Why not

MAKE MONEY

by turning your old trinkets into cash?
Fraser's give prompt valuation and
best offers for BROKEN SILVER, RINGS,
BRACELETS, WATCHES, NECKLACES,
GOLD, JEWELLERY, VALUABLES, ETC.

Fraser's (Ipswich), Ltd., G. Smith, 17 Prince St. Ipswich

FRASERS
IPSWICH LTD

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

the public taste. It is not, and cannot be, either a home or a spare-time employment—it demands all the energy and every working hour, and not only so, but advertisements have often to be written up on the spot in a few hours, for which purpose the article to be advertised is usually sent direct to some advertising agent. This, finally, is work cordially to be recommended to the capable, quick-witted girl who, beginning

as an expert stenographer at 25s. to 35s. weekly, should in a few years have little difficulty in earning £5 a week, and as much more as her work and her intelligence will bring her—for in advertisement writing, more than most things, the rate of pay depends on what the work is worth, irrespective of the fact of sex—a consolation to many women whose rate of remuneration is lower on that account.

"THE QUIVER" GUILD OF HOME WORKERS

THE following are new members of the Guild, whose applications were received before my notice appeared in the February issue (see page 443):

80. Mending of all kinds wanted, darning, patching. Neat work; promptly returned. Mufflers knitted, 10d. each, wool extra. (B. P., co. Galway.)

81. Crochet, wool or cotton. Gentlemen's socks, hand-knitted, 7s. 8d. pair, plain or ribbed. (K. W. N., Ballymena.)

82. Needlework, knitting, crochet, tatting. First-class work; hand or machine. Price list sent. Recommended by "Winifred." (M. L. R., Hastings.)

83. Superior home-made chocolates, toffees, fondants, sweets of all kinds; daintily packed. Cash with order. Price list sent. (G. B., Bridlington.)

84. Ladies' and children's underwear, trousseaux, layettes. Moderate charges. Ladies' own patterns copied. (W., Highbury, N.)

85. Invalid would be glad of orders for all kinds of crochet articles. (J. V., Somerset.)

86. Orders wanted for pictures (oils), or fancy articles painted; pen-painting, stencilling, etc. (A., Bromley.)

87. Orders earnestly solicited for dainty crochet. Babies' things a speciality. Fascinators, etc. (L., Watford.)



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

The Power of Littles

IF we may believe the fugitive bits which appear in the magazines, the day of the record-diaries is over. There are no more Boswells or Pepyses to enter in ink their impressions of what they have seen and felt day by day. This may be because such jottings, in police phraseology, can be taken down and used as evidence against us. But whatever the reason, diaries are now but registering apparatus for the keeping of appointments; being so, they are very useful, yet they give few thrills to any save ourselves.

There are mental diaries, however, which are still the vogue, and are likely to be so long as man is man and woman woman—things we all remember, and always shall while our memories are green. Most of these items might seem to the general reader the veriest trifles, yet they are of deepest import to those they concern, though in cold company these might hesitate to say so; we alone know the influence they had upon us. It is not without

misgivings, then, that I speak about a pencil.

I was a boy at the time, and I think this was the first thing of the kind I had bought with my own money, but it still stands out a perfect monument in the wide-spreading oasis of the past. The shopman was our local stationer, whom I had often visited on errands—a stout man who never smiled, but whose eyes were always twinkling with kindness. I chose my pencil and asked, "How much?" Gravely he said that if I had been anybody else he would have charged a penny, but seeing I was a friend he would charge me twopence. This confused me somewhat; but I vaguely felt there was some favour in it, so I laid the coins on the counter. He took up one, dryly remarking that he didn't really need the other: I could keep it. I pocketed the coin and the pencil, feeling there was waggery here, but not quite sure. What a pencil that was! I have had scores on scores since, but never one that was the marrow of this;

THE QUIVER

I went on the strength of it for weeks and weeks, and it has loomed ever since like a landmark through the grey fogs of time.

It taught me the joy that can be condensed in little things. Indeed, in my ruminations, reading and observation during the years between, that pencil has been a kind of mentor, to point and prove the greatness of littlenesses. Was it not a mother's kiss that gave us one of our greatest painters? Was it not the fall of an apple near Newton's head which changed the whole drift of astronomy? Were they not the antics of a spider which suddenly elevated the decaying fortunes of Robert Bruce? These, and a thousand things like them, now make the nuggets of history, but every one of us has had similar experiences, though we may never be mentioned in "Who's Who," let alone have a niche in the galleries of the Great and Gifted.

The First Letter

And there is the first letter we got, addressed all to our very own selves. The transport of that time!—when Postie, the Man of Letters, ceased being to us an awesome Mercury in alliance with grown-ups only; he was now our own familiar: he had brought *us* a letter! We left no friend uninformed of the circumstance.

If any little thing carried more pleasure under its home-spun cloak, it was when we, grown-up, received our first letter from a child. It may have been but a scrawled birthday greeting from our small niece Molly, or little Jack's sprawling announcement that he was going to school for the first time; but how we treasured the little missives! The late Dr. Joseph Parker was a man of many gifts and large affairs, yet I can never forget the delight with which he showed me, carefully kept in a scrap-book, *all* the letters he had ever received from children. Other things might glide to the waste-paper basket, but never a child's letter.

It is a joy which the Crutch-and-Kindness League brings within the reach of everyone, wherever residing, or whatever age or calling. And the joy is made infinitely more sacred and pathetic when it is known that the children who write and are written to are the children who most need the heart's affection—little cripples. There are more than twelve thousand of these, in London alone, on the books of the Ragged School Union. Their lives, dear little mites, are very lonesome, for their parents are poor, and both have to be out at work during most of the day. What an event a letter is to one of these

small sufferers, and what kindly influence on the life it can have! But the frail ones are not the only ones who benefit; the blessing rests for a shaping influence on the good heart that indited the letter.

This is all that the Crutch-and-Kindness League asks of its members—that each shall write a letter, once a month at least, to some crippled child, whose name and address, with particulars of "the case," are supplied for the purpose. Who cannot do so much, wherever in the world dwelling? Or, if anything should hinder the writing of the letter, who cannot send a bunch of flowers, a bit of ribbon, some toy—something to comfort the child-sufferer, and cheer the wee lonesome one with the joy that he or she has not been forgotten by the invisible friend?

All further particulars about the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss Gwyneth Andrew, Bexley, Kent.
Miss Monica Bantoft, Ipswich, Suffolk; Mrs. Bazin, Ilford, Essex; Miss Winifred Bowles, Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.; Miss Hilda Branton, Luton, Beds; Miss C. E. Brodie, Hindhead, Surrey; Miss Fanny Butcher, Ecclesfield, Yorks.
Miss A. Chambers, Barnsley, Yorks; Mr. R. N. Crooke, Southport, Lancs; Miss E. Cross, Holborn, London, W.C.
Miss Jennie Day, Boscombe, Hants; Miss Florence L. Dutton, South Benfleet, Essex.
Miss Annie Findlay, Cockermouth, Cumberland; Mrs. Furneaux, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.
Miss Mabel Hare, Luton, Beds; the Misses Janet and Nora Hollis, Wellingborough, Northants; Miss Edith Holroyde, St. Paul's Cray, Kent; Miss Hurst, Gunnersbury, London, W.; Miss Margaret Hutchinson, Rowington, Warwick.
Mrs. J. Turner Kennedy, Dornoch, N.B.
Miss E. C. Lee, Great Torrington, Devon; Miss Annie F. Legg, Victoria, Australia.
Mrs. MacIntyre, Dornoch, N.B.; Mrs. McAvoy, Cinderford, Glos; Mrs. Matthews, Lordship Lane, London, S.E.; Miss Greta Miller, Dundee, N.B.; Miss Elspeth Murray, Kenley, Surrey.
Miss Dorothy S. Nickolls, Bridgworth, Salop.
Mr. C. A. Patmore, Walthamstow, Essex; Miss M. J. Pearce, Newbury, Berks; Miss Bertha Pocock, Rugby, Warwick.
Miss Lizzie Rudd, Harrogate, Yorks; Mr. W. H. Russell, Broughton, Hants.
Miss D. I. M. Smith, Bushey, Herts. Miss Hilda Squires, Luton, Beds; Miss Alice E. Stevens, Woodstock, Oxon.
Miss I. Taylor, Hull, Yorks; Miss Elaine Taylor, Leskinere, Co. Wexford; Mrs. Thompson, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex; Miss May Thoms, Hordsham, Sussex; Miss Ella Tyrrell, Badley, Suffolk.
Miss Velton, Gunnersbury, London, W.; Miss B. Virtue, Christchurch, New Zealand.
Miss A. Murielle Walkden, Kilmacolin, N.B.; the Misses Daisy and Lily Wallace, Loch Assynt, Sutherlandshire; Miss Nellie Webster, Woodstock, Oxon; Miss Peggie Weirington, Churchdown, Glos; Miss Marie Whichello, Heswall, Cheshire.

19/4 April 19/4

S	5	12	19	26	.
M	6	13	20	27	.
Tu	7	14	21	28	.
W	1	8	15	22	29
Th	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	.
S	4	11	18	25	.

Grow Hair in 14 days or money returned

This is an absolutely genuine offer. Any chemist will supply you and give you his own signed personal guarantee to return the full price of the bottle of

Lavona Hair Tonic if after using it for fourteen days you do not see a distinct growth of hair, or are in any way dissatisfied. Buy a bottle of

Lavona Hair Tonic

to-day—and in a fortnight's time, if you do not find it has created a noticeable growth, take back the guarantee contract to the chemist from whom you made the purchase and he will return your money intact. No quibbling or question of any sort—you are the judge and *your decision is final.*

Years of experience have proved that Lavona Hair Tonic possesses unequalled qualities for quickly creating a growth of beautiful glossy natural colour hair. It supplies valuable nourishment to the scalp and hair roots; stops falling hair, destroys all evidence of dandruff but contains no ingredients that will dye the hair or injure the most sensitive scalp.

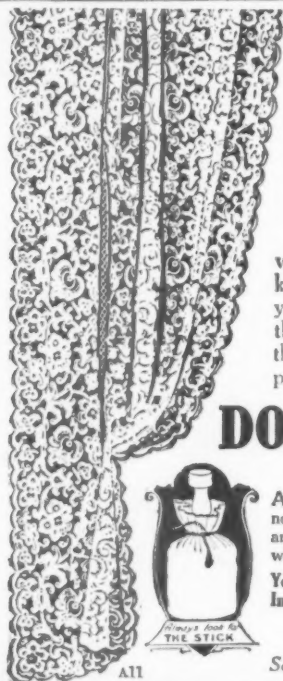
Lavona Hair Tonic is sold under this guarantee by Boots; Timothy White, Ltd.; Henry Hodder, Ltd.; Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.; Lewis & Burrows; Parkes' Drug Stores; Army and Navy Stores; Junior Army and Navy Stores; Harrod's; Selfridge's; and practically every leading chemist. Get a bottle and try it while this genuine offer lasts.

MADE BY
TOKALON LIMITED,
"Tokalon House,"
212/214, Great Portland St.,
LONDON, W.



Sends P.C. for
the
TOKALON
Toilet
Necessities
Price List
which will be
posted to you
entirely
FREE.

THE QUIVER



When you take the Curtains down

renew them with Dolly Cream—it imparts a rich creamy tint, adds to the wear of the curtains, too, and keeps them clean longer. So, if you are thinking of new curtains this Spring—just 'Dolly Cream' the old ones, and you will feel proud of them once more.

DOLLY CREAM

"So easy to use"



Always gives a uniform shade, with no streakiness, and never specks. The directions are few and simple, and there is positively no chance of failure, no matter what material your curtains are made of.

Your Grocer, Oilman, Store or Chemist can supply you. In 1d. bags. Ask for the "Cream with the stick in."

Write for leaflet: "How to Cream Curtains," sent post free to any address.

Sole Manufacturers: **EDGE'S**, Bolton, Lancs. ☐

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

CURES Varicose and all Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Bolls, every form of Poisoned Wound or Skin Disease. Cleansing before Healing. Sold everywhere 7½d., 1½, etc., or post free from **E. BURGESS**, 59, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. Estab. 1847. Advertisers.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

EARN £5 A WEEK!

Ad. writers earn large salaries. Learn this profitable business by Post. We will teach you thoroughly. Send for our beautiful Prospectus: it is FREE.

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THE TEACHER'S EQUIPMENT AND PREPARATION

Sunday School Pages for April

By the Rev. RICHARD ROBERTS

FROM what has already been said in this series of articles it will be clear that a new generation and type of Sunday School teacher is being produced. Three years in the Primary Department Training Class, and another three in the Junior—all this will have familiarised the teacher with the Scriptures and with the main principles of simple psychology and the common teaching devices. When our Sunday Schools are staffed by people of this type, who add to their Christian zeal and good intentions an intelligent grasp of what they have to do and of how they are to go about it, we shall see results far richer and more solid than those with which we have been content for a very long time.

The Personal Element

It is, however, necessary to remember that there is still a personal element to be reckoned with which the training class can hardly be expected to provide. Not every person is intended to be a teacher; and this points to the necessity of weeding out at an early stage those who seem likely never to attain to competency. This sounds—in view of the general dearth of teachers—a counsel of perfection. Yet, having regard to the popularity of the Primary Department, it may before long become a real necessity. Apart from the special aptitudes of the teacher, care must be taken to staff the schools with persons of real individuality, people with a distinct personal "flavour." The colourless nonentity must be left in those subordinate and unstrategic positions to which he is naturally fitted. The work of the Sunday School requires genuine and strong personality. It is work which cannot be done by the mere imitator, the parrot who can only reproduce what he has received. For in the last analysis, as Robert Louis Stevenson said of Wordsworth, what the true teacher gives is *himself*.

And to individuality he must add spirituality. While he is and takes care to be

himself, he is none the less to be the vehicle and instrument of the Spirit of God. No Sunday School teacher who does not cultivate the interior life is likely to go very far, and only truly and deeply spiritual folk can achieve those abiding spiritual results which the Sunday School exists to secure. The competent Sunday School teacher will spend no little time in the "practice of the presence of God."

It is not intended here to give a catalogue of the good teacher's qualities. What has already been said is meant to indicate the principles on which teachers should be chosen. But it is quite clear that individuality and spirituality do not complete the teacher's equipment. To these must be added knowledge.

Two Essentials

There are two matters which every teacher should know thoroughly. The first is the Bible, the second is the mind of the child. That he has had six years in a training class does not mean that he has acquired all necessary and possible knowledge in these directions. Both are inexhaustible studies, and no teacher can afford to relinquish them. Personal study of the Bible and of the child—quite apart from the exigencies of the lesson from Sunday to Sunday—must be continued so long as the teacher continues his work in the school.

For this purpose he will require to study some at least of the existing literature upon the mind and the growth of the child. Personal mastery, say, of Thistleton Mark's "The Unfolding of Personality," or of Mrs. Lamoreaux's "The Unfolding Life," will greatly enrich his equipment for his task, and the cost of these books puts them within reach of the great majority of teachers.

As to the Bible, this is a time of cheap commentaries—the Century Bible, the Westminster New Testament, bring the

THE QUIVER

best scholarship to humble doors. It is desirable, moreover, that the teacher should have access to a good Bible dictionary, say Hastings' One-volume Dictionary. Works of this type are generally too expensive for the average teacher; but no Sunday School library can afford to be without some such volume of general reference on the Bible. A very valuable addition to the teacher's own private library is a translation of the New Testament into modern English, say Weymouth's translation called "The New Testament in Modern Speech," or, if he can afford to spend six shillings on it, Dr. James Moffatt's "New Translation of the New Testament."

Presently we may hope to see a generous annual allocation from the Church funds to the Teachers' Library. A good library of commentaries and works of reference should belong to every school, and when the Churches begin to recognise the importance of the Sunday School we shall hear of the creation of such libraries in many places.

The Teacher's Preparation

A final word or two may be said concerning the teacher's preparation of his lesson, and this will apply to all teachers, whether in a graded or an old-fashioned school.

It should be a point of honour with the teacher to do with as little in the way of direct lesson "helps" as possible. *The more the lesson is the teacher's own, the better he will teach it.* Only that will be a living lesson which has been fashioned and wrought out in the teacher's own mind and heart.

It is an old saying and a very true one that the Bible is the best commentary upon itself; and a teacher who makes diligent use of the references in his Bible will find himself in possession of a great storehouse of illuminating comment and illustration. The first step in the preparation of a lesson is to master the text from the Bible itself and to find out what light the text receives from other passages in the Bible.

The next step is to seek out in each lesson the one point—the one clear thought or fact—which should be left clearly impressed on the scholar's mind. We must concentrate and draw out our plans so as to leave one clear, intelligible impression on the pupil. This point the teacher should crystallise for himself in *a single phrase or sentence.*

When this has been done, then the lesson should be pondered over until the subject divides itself up into three or four easy sections, and for each of these sections one should have concise headings in one's own mind. These headings will help the teacher's memory—and no good teacher takes written notes to class—and will enable him to introduce variety into his plan of teaching.

Lines to Follow

Having got the skeleton, he then proceeds to build up the body of the lesson. In this process the following points should be observed:

1. *Avoid all irrelevancies*—things which do not affect the main point of the story.

2. *Take care to introduce as much variety as possible* in your plans for presenting the lesson, and, in particular, leave plenty of room for the pupils' co-operation. A Sunday School lesson should not be a sermon or a speech.

3. *Prepare your questions beforehand.* There will be questions that will arise on the spot, of course; but a certain proportion should be very carefully framed previously. By proper questioning the arranged course of the lesson is more successfully adhered to. Extempore questioning is apt to take the lesson too far afield.

4. *Get an illustration or two from outside the lesson itself.* This is admittedly easier said than done. We can, of course, make illustrations, and sometimes it is necessary to make them. But illustrations from Nature or from actual events are of much greater value. The wise teacher will keep a notebook and store up illustrations. They are to be found in the most unlikely places, and it will not take long to discipline oneself into the habit of picking up useful illustrative material and noting it for future use.

5. *Allow time for recapitulation,* and so plan it that the pupils, guided by yourself, shall do the recapitulation.

In these papers we have only touched lightly upon the changes in, and the present problems of, the Sunday School. We have not aimed at exhaustiveness, but rather at stimulating enough interest to send those who are concerned for religious education, to pursue the matter further in the abundant and ever-growing literature of the subject.

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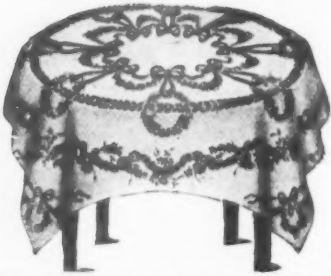
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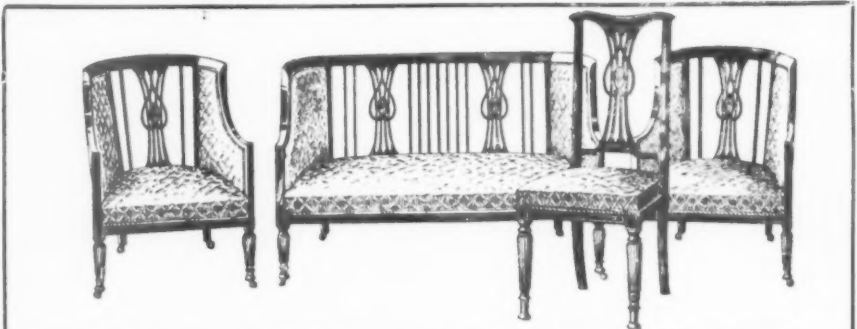
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Boy Immigrants at Work
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"FEED MY LAMBS"

How a New Country Observes this Behest

By DENIS CRANE

ONE advantage enjoyed by new countries in regard to social evils is that they have only to legislate and organise on preventive lines. The enemy is at present without the gate; he is not, as in the case of older communities, firmly established, with innumerable rights and privileges, in the very midst of the camp.

In Great Britain until recent years many important forms of social effort were left entirely to voluntary agencies. Even the Children's Act (1910), which marked such an important advance in the care of the nation's greatest asset, is unduly dependent on these, being more or less ineffectual for want of a recognised authority to carry out its provisions.

Organised Charity

Dependence on voluntary effort in charitable enterprise is in theory not a bad thing; official philanthropy is apt to stultify itself and sap the very root of charity. But there is in this matter a *via media*, which, while avoiding the chaos of overlapping charitable organisations, under which England at present groans, at the same time escapes the abuses so commonly set up by official action pure and simple.

It is curious that it should be left to the most remote of the prairie provinces of Canada, in promoting child welfare, to devise an ideal method of combining voluntary interest with the prestige and power of the State.

Protecting Child-Life

Alberta is not, of course, alone in making provision for the protection of child-life. Manitoba and Ontario proceed on substantially the same lines, but in the former province the organisation is not so complete nor so well worked, while in the latter, large towns had already come into being, with their own set of problems, before the organisation was formed. In Alberta the settlement of the province and the provision of preventive and protective machinery have been going on almost hand in hand.

The work in this progressive province derives its authority from the Children's Protection Act of Alberta, which correlates the various details, and from the Federal Act respecting Juvenile Delinquents.

A Department of Neglected Children is established, as a branch of the Attorney-General's Department, under the Provincial Legislature, and to it a special officer, known

THE QUIVER

as the Superintendent of Neglected Children, is appointed, with a capable staff. The headquarters are at Edmonton, and the operations of the Department are carried on through voluntary Children's Aid societies. These it is aimed to form in every town and in every village of importance throughout the province. Their objects include the development of suitable playgrounds, adapted to children of different ages, gymnasia, public parks, baths, and all institutions which counteract crime.

Shelters for Children

Every city in Alberta of 10,000 people, and over, is required by statute to provide and maintain a shelter, or home, for neglected children. Boys or girls rescued from perilous surroundings in the municipality itself, or committed to the home by the local Children's Court, are, of course, maintained at the municipality's expense, but where children are sent from smaller places that have no shelter of their own the Government makes an allowance of 2s. a day for each child under nine, and 2s. 8d. for each child over that age. Every home is under the care of a trained nurse.

The building at Edmonton would do credit for design and equipment to a city of much older growth. On admission, the children are first classified physically and thoroughly examined by the visiting physician. They are then graded according to their mental faculties, and placed under the care of a school teacher, who has a school in the institution under the city School Board. A new shelter is being built at Calgary at a cost of £17,000.

The causes of the neglect of children in Canada are identical with those elsewhere, but include one special cause—the rapid influx of population, which occasions a considerable amount of temporary overcrowding. This imperils the innocence and honesty of children, and impairs their health. Parents who, deprived of the conveniences of private life, lose control of their offspring, are apt soon to become careless as to their children's doings.

Where neglect, as discovered by the agents of the Department, is attributable to circumstances over which the parents have little control, every effort is made to enable the latter to improve their condition, so that the child may remain under

the parental roof; but where the neglect is culpable, the child is removed, under a magistrate's Order of Delivery, to the shelter. Thence it is sent to a foster home, selected by the Department.

The choice and inspection of foster homes is one of the most important phases of the Department's activities. The homes themselves are easier to find than might be supposed. During last year 452 applications were received from persons willing to adopt a child. Of course, they were not all satisfactory homes; 40 per cent. were promptly turned down. So strict is the standard maintained that an application will be refused where a member of the family is known to have a violent temper, though in all other respects the home may be all right. Applications are also refused where it is suspected that the child is wanted in the capacity of a servant without pay.

Each child is inspected twice a year, and school teachers' reports are required that the Department may know how the child's education is proceeding. Inspection is an onerous task. Last year it necessitated 20,000 miles of travel by rail and 3,000 by trail.

A Remarkable Record

Of 440 dependants of the Department during the same period, only nine were lost—eight by death and one by truancy. Of the rest, 232 were adopted by foster parents, 141 were returned to relatives, under supervision, 21 were maintained in the shelter, 21 were placed in situations, and 16 were transferred to religious institutions: surely a remarkable record of beneficent work satisfactorily done. Half of the children were under six years of age, and more than three-fourths were under ten.

To crown the unique blending of State action with voluntary enterprise, the expenses of the Department are not entirely defrayed by the Government. Last year the Alberta Government made an appropriation to this work of £9,000 (as much as the appropriations of all the other provincial Governments put together), but the balance of the cost, a considerably larger sum, was raised by private subscription. By this means the sense of individual responsibility is fostered and the holy springs of charity are unloosed.

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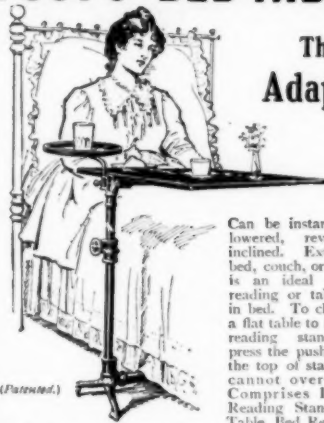
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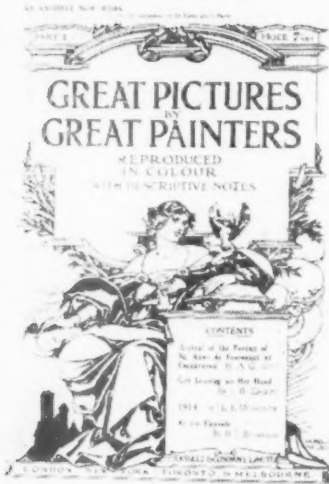
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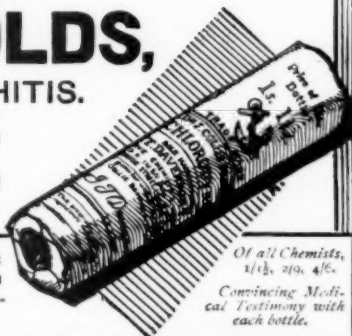
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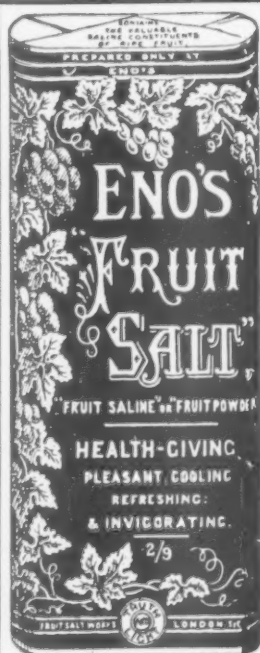
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